LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1934 NUMBER 1017

Contents

The Week 56

Editorials

Mills, the Reformers and Darrow 58
Two More Little Hitlers 60

General Articles

Spain Waits ..... Matthew Josephson 62
The Mood of English Youth ..... C. E. M. Joad 65
Senator Long at Home ..... Rose Lee 66
A Little Nest of Fascists ..... E. M. Hugh-Jones 68
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 69
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 70
On the Labor Front ..... William P. Mangold 71
The National Folk Festival ..... Constance Rourke 72
Thoughts on Functionalism ..... Suzanne La Follette 73

Correspondence 74

Pulitzer Prize Emotions ..... Stark Young 76

Books in Review

The Machine in Man ..... Waldo Frank 77
Man About Town ..... Otis Ferguson 79
The Gods of Physics ..... Harold Ward 80
The Melody of Chaos ..... Robert Morss Lovett 80
Suffer Little Children ..... O. C. F. 81
Books in Brief 82

The Week

FIRST returns from the Literary Digest poll, giving the New Deal "on the whole" a majority of two to one in a few Eastern states, may be interpreted almost as anyone likes. Do people approve the announced intentions of the New Deal, or rather its actual results? Roosevelt is obviously stronger now than he was at the time of the election. Is he as strong as he was in the spring and early summer of 1933? We doubt it. Do the 41 percent of those who voted for Hoover and now support the New Deal do so because it is more like Hoover's policies than they feared, or because they have been converted to reform? Were the 19 percent who voted for Roosevelt but now disapprove of his action scared off by its radical tendencies, or were they disappointed because it has not gone far enough? No doubt there is a mixture of motives, but it would be interesting to know what they are. One thing seems obvious—the President still has a large enough following so that he can venture to do the best he knows how without fear of political consequences. And the whole strength of the entire system. As the administration people may now think of the New Deal, they will continue to support it only if it works.

AS POPULAR discontent with the achievements of the New Deal gains strength, beginnings of independent political action that may place in the national field a strong party on the left of the Democrats are taking form. First there was the decided move toward a socialist position by the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota. Now the Progressives in Wisconsin, who long held power under the La Follettes, have abandoned their formal Republicanism and have come out as an independent party. For the present, it appears, they will support Roosevelt nationally, but they do not intend to amalgamate with the Democrats. Most of the President's innovations in Democratic doctrine were introduced into public life in the first place by the Progressive movement, as Senator Robert La Follette said in his speech at the convention at Fond du Lac. And national political action is clearly foreshadowed if, as most of the leaders anticipate, the reactionary forces in the Democratic party prevent it from fulfilling the President's promises.

IN SPITE of the President's disapproval, Congress apparently intends to enact a measure reimbursing from government funds the depositors who have lost their money in closed banks. The announced motives of this action are unexceptionable: the depositors ought to have their money, and it would help recovery by restoring something like $2,000,000,000 to circulation. An unannounced motive, however, is not so pretty—it is the desire of the owners of bank stock to escape the liability to depositors as properly imposed on them by the banking laws. Behind this dilemma of the President lies his failure to act decisively in reorganizing the banking system. Neither bailing out the owners of bank stock nor deposit insurance would have been necessary if a compulsory merger of banks into a single, non-profit system had been carried out in the first place. The New Republic proposed a plan for such a merger, under which all banks would have been taken over at their current net worth, all deposits would have been made immediately available, and every single unit would have been backed by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sores, like this one, will spread under the surface patches that have been applied to them.

THE report of the official committee to advise on the Anthracite Coal Code is a grim document. In cool, official language it depicts the narrow Pennsylvania mountain valleys, "one industry" regions if there ever were any, with their closed mines, the hardships and chronic semi-starvation that have stalked this region since 1928. The ruin of anthracite is no depression phenomenon. The report pictures the power of life and death held by the great colliery companies when they decide to run one mine and close another. It tells vividly the universal feeling of all classes of people in these valleys: hatred of the companies, despair, frank approval of the widespread coal bootlegging from secret shafts sunk by unemployed miners. And the committee has not blinded itself to the problem it faced. Its recommendations, almost admittedly, are pathetic: slightly higher wages, some government control over spreading the work among the different mines, and, for the permanent excess of miners, subsistence homesteads far away from the anthracite hills of Pennsylvania. The report closes with the hope that perhaps other manufacturing industries can be built up to give jobs to some of that permanent surplus. At a time when there is no market for the products of industries that already exist? Only another sort of economy can plan for that.

THE action of the British government in demanding an embargo on arms shipments to the belligerents in the Chaco warfare, and of President Roosevelt in asking authority from Congress to impose such an embargo, is simply good faith on the part of governments that have outlawed war. It will help to end the nefarious traffic in arms for private profit. But it at once raises all the questions pertaining to such post-facto methods of preventing war. Will the embargo be effective, in view of the fact that most of the arms traffic passes through other countries on the way to the belligerents? Will it act equally on them, rather than reinforcing the nation that is already the stronger and holds the better position, regardless of the rights of the matter? Would such a measure be enforced against more powerful aggressors—Japan, for instance? If it were, would it not involve naval and other action which would lead those imposing the embargo into the war? And finally, does it touch the economic causes of the war itself, revealed in a League of Nations report as the clash of rival economic imperialisms?

AFTER three weeks of negotiation, the creditors' conference in Berlin was as far from an understanding as when it began. To date the only plan with some likelihood of agreement is that offered by the British representatives: to release Germany from cash payments for the next two years and provide issued to the creditors. A subcommittee discussed the situation for three full days without hitting on a satisfactory recommendation. It is interesting to note that Dr. Schacht threw the boycott question into the discussion. Admitting Germany's obligation to pay, he suggested that settlement might be materially hastened by stopping the international boycott of German goods. Altogether his position in the conference was not a happy one. The conference vehemently rejected his proposal that Germany's obligations under the Dawes and Young plans be included in the arrangement. The Americans were particularly insistent on a solution that would not, like previous understandings, discriminate against American bondholders, who are, as holders of $600,000,000 in bonds, by far the largest group of creditors. But in the end nothing can alter the fact that they are all completely at Germany's mercy. Whatever plan she may agree to today will be valid only if and when she acknowledges herself financially able to fulfill its terms.

DESPITE its tragic significance, there was a certain comic relief in the tale told by an early refugee from Hitler's terror who reached these shores something less than a year ago. It was the story of a prominent German trade-union leader who, obeying the instructions of his union, had taken $400,000 in trade-union funds to Holland and there deposited them for safe-keeping. He brought them back on April 28, 1933, because Hitler in a speech had expressed the desire of living in peace and friendship with Germany's workers. May 2 found this trusting soul in a Nazi concentration camp, his trade union dissolved, its headquarters raided and the Nazi government in possession of not less than sixty million marks of German labor's funds.

AUSTRIA'S trade unionists learned a lesson from Germany. Dollfuss made several unsuccessful efforts to obtain the extradition from Czechoslovakia and Switzerland of labor leaders who had taken trade-union funds out of his reach. Labor the world over laughed at his discomfiture. But laughed too soon. For the semi-official fascist press of Austria now reports that "a number of functionaries, former heads of trade-union organizations, chief among them the dissolved Metal Workers' Union of Austria, have now declared their readiness to place themselves at the disposal of the Austrian government for this purpose." "Four former trade-union officials," the Neues Wiener Tageblatt continues, "accompanied by members of our economic police, thereupon went to Zürich to withdraw money deposited on various secret accounts. . . . More than two million schillings were withdrawn and returned to Austria. . . . It is probable that additional moneys deposited in foreign countries by Austrian trade-union officials will be returned to their rightful owners in the near future." One recalls how often Dollfuss has lied in the past—when he negotiated with the Social Dem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Otto Bauer had deserted their followers, when he denied to the world that more than a thousand had lost their lives in the Vienna uprising—and one hopes against hope that this is another mendacious attempt to destroy confidence in the leaders of Austria's crushed and broken labor movement.

FOR violating the section of the medical code that makes it unethical for a physician to "dispose of his services under conditions which interfere with reasonable competition among physicians of a community," Dr. H. Clifford Loos and Dr. Donald E. Ross have been expelled from the Los Angeles County Medical Association. A legal fight is now being made to deprive them of their license to practice medicine. The "interference with competition" of which Doctors Loos and Ross are guilty is the crime of having established something faintly resembling socialized medicine. Employing a staff of 55 physicians and 110 attendants, they have opened a chain of clinics and a central hospital in Los Angeles and permit patients to subscribe to their service for a flat fee of $2 a month, sick or well, large family or small. They have added to their crime by contracting with the city to furnish medical attention to all the members of various city departments. In all, they care for over 50,000 patients. The tragic thing about the fight being waged against these two men is that even their enemies in the County Medical Association admit that they are furnishing their patients with far better medical service than the patients could get at the same price elsewhere, or even get at all elsewhere, since most of them cannot afford the ordinary physician's fee. Their sole crime, apparently one of the worst on the medical calendar, is "interference with reasonable competition."

NOW that William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts are on the run from numerous attachment-waving sheriffs seeking to collect unpaid rent in Oklahoma City, and $2,695 due the printer of Liberation, the official journal, the business of making money and a career by Red-baiting is open to others. Into the breach steps Major W. C. Fowler with a "National Department of Mobilization" of the American White Guardsmen. Starting in the fertile ground of Los Angeles, the Major plans a national organization "through which patriotic action may be centralized, coördinated, galvanized and directed." What is to be galvanized and directed is quite simple: "All alien communists in America shall be ferreted out and summarily deported . . . and those of American citizenship shall be arrested and brought to trial for treason to their country." Apparently aware that the constitutional definition of treason will not quite sanction such a procedure, the Major goes on: "The military direction of the White Guard is in the hands of experienced military officers of high rank whose patriotism, integrity and ability is above question." Apparently illegal action is to supplement the courts—otherwise why "mili-

Mills, the Reformers and Darrow

PRESIDENT Roosevelt can with equanimity ignore Mr. Ogden Mills's attack on the New Deal as a plan for "regimentation" and for depriving Americans of economic liberty. For Mr. Mills and his cohorts have never objected, and will never object, to any kind of regimentation except one that forbids big business and finance to do exactly what it likes. They have never been angered by the lack of economic freedom suffered by the penniless unemployed, who cannot find even sustenance except under regimented relief. They have never protested against the regimentation of labor and industry by large corporations.

But the President cannot ignore the two documents that have recently come to him from persons who have no axes to grind for political parties or profiteers. We refer to the statement signed by an impressive list of reformist leaders of public opinion, and to the Darrow report. For these people tell him why the New Deal is failing to work. And he must make the New Deal work if he is not to fall before either Mr. Mills or some other type of political opponent.

The first statement is signed by Oswald Garrison Villard, Paul U. Kellogg, John Dewey, Henry Goddard Leach, Bruce Bliven, Edith Abbott, Roger Baldwin, Dr. Franz Boas, Elizabeth and Susan Brandeis, Elmer Davis, Paul H. Douglas, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, F. Ernest Johnson, William H. Kilpatrick, Robert S. Lynd, Josephine Roche, Father John A. Ryan and many others. It says nothing new to those who have followed the actions of the administration closely, but it shows a pronounced critical tendency on the part of that large body of opinion which Mr. Roosevelt has always taken care to conciliate.

"The acid test of the New Deal," it declares, "lies in its effect on the actual distribution of the wealth which the machine age creates but which we have yet to find the way to spread out and use." This comes down to increasing the earnings of the workers. Increased earnings can be assured only through organized power of the workers. But "the N.R.A. has made no determined effort, so far as we have observed, to bring unionization and collective bargaining to a point where the codes can be enforced." The signers therefore call for the creation of a Labor Board in the Department of Labor (not, be it noted, under General Johnson's thumb), and the banning of "company-initiated, financed or dominated unions," as well as of compulsory arbitration. They declare for a renewal of the license clause in order to reinforce the power of the President to compel recalcitrants like Weir and Budd to accept true collective bargaining.

Next, minimum-wage provisions must be over-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ically rise with the cost of living. And if all this is to be of any use, workers in their capacity as consumers must be protected. "With wages lagging behind profits, and production already beginning to grow beyond the power of the wage-earning market to consume, the weakness of the N.R.A. set-up (with its code authorities dominated by industrial interests) is registered in price practices which jeopardize the whole recovery program." Virtually no consumer organization exists. "There is need for an independent, outside consumers' agency of government, which shall have an entirely free hand in standing for the consumers' stake in the current flow of wealth."

The most helpless workers and consumers are of course the unemployed. Relief must be taken off the inefficient emergency basis and made a subject of permanent planning. We must also have nation-wide unemployment insurance, in the form of state action encouraged as in the Wagner-Lewis Bill. And we must have this bill enacted now. Old-age pensions and sickness insurance are likewise required.

It is important, too, say these leaders, to go further with the planned use both of private capital and government credit. "There should be a tie-up between the Securities Act and the N.R.A., the control of capital issues and the routing of government credit so as to make these financial policies a force for stabilizing unemployment and earnings." Trebled effort must go into making the housing program a reality. Increased income and inheritance taxes must be resorted to in order to finance these wealth-increasing and redistributing activities.

Somewhat timidly the statement then ventures into the realm of direct social control of industry. "Certain industries in which there is a primary public interest should be made the subject for experimentation in a larger degree of planning and coöperative control." Oil, power and milk distribution are suggested.

The merits of this program are obvious; it is valuable as a reëmphasis of criticisms that Roosevelt must heed if he is to move in the direction in which the great mass of supporters of the New Deal thought it was going. The weakness of the program is the weakness of all appeals to rulers who are in the grip of existing social and economic forces. It assumes—except perhaps in the labor section—that Mr. Roosevelt now has the power to do exactly as he likes, and needs only to be convinced concerning what could best serve the masses. This weakness is most evident in the section on consumers and prices. Industry, it says in effect, is now dominated by rapacious owners. Prices are being raised faster than wages, the N.R.A. is being used principally to enhance profits. So what? So create a government bureau to do something for consumers. What it could do many members of this committee must know in advance; they probably endorsed it as a minimum program. It could issue voluminous reports. It might even, like the respected Federal [illegible] modeled, issue "cease and desist" orders concerning minor points of business practice and competition. Meanwhile the rulers of industry would go right on setting prices in the interest of maximum profits, as they always have in spite of any attempts to admonish or regulate them.

The Darrow report begins where the reformists' statement leaves off. It hits straight at the heart of the kind of industrial control we have, and the effects of that control. Taking the Steel Code, the Motion Picture Code and others as a text, the report shows what must be obvious to any student of industry in the United States—that the N.R.A. has strengthened private monopoly. Monopoly, or near monopoly, was present before its advent, in numerous industries. But codes like that for steel have now imposed government sanction on practices that before were of doubtful legality. The Federal Trade Commission report, made by experts as a result of careful investigation, demonstrated this to the satisfaction of any fair-minded person, weeks before the Darrow report was published. There is no occasion for General Johnson's empty heat in denouncing Darrow. To assist monopolistic practices was the avowed purpose of the N.R.A. codes. They were supposed to curb competition. They were supposed to do it for desirable ends, to be sure. But you cannot have both a planned, controlled industry, and an industry subject to an "automatic" regulation through competition. If prices are no longer competitive, they must be set by somebody. Under N.R.A. codes, they are set, in effect, by the private rulers of industry. This is a fact which General Johnson has from the beginning refused to face. Nevertheless it is the necessary result of his policies. And it is private monopoly.

Of course this sort of thing injures the small business man unless he is allowed to share in the gains of monopoly—as, under some codes, he is. But that is not the important matter, as Messrs. Darrow and W. O. Thompson of the board bring out in their supplementary memorandum. The small man would be doomed anyway as an important factor in economic life. We can no longer rely on competition to protect the consumer.

> The control of a market which is attained by force of monopoly maintains profits by diminishing or restricting production, that is, by decreasing wealth and lowering standards of living. It also maintains profits by lowering costs of production, that is, by lowering wages and reducing living standards for the workers.
>
> In the control of prices to suit combinations able to determine where the profits shall be taken, the small business man must either be swallowed up in the combination or perish. Yet the consumer does not gain through his elimination, and the tendency to raise prices while forcing down wages reduces the purchasing power which alone can balance production and consumption.

And the inevitable conclusion is—

> The choice is between monopoly sustained by government, which is clearly the trend in the National

HTTP://HDL.HANDLE.NET/2027/UIUC.3B15300020 LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Recovery Administration, and a planned economy, which demands socialized ownership and control, since only by collective ownership can the inevitable conflict of separately owned units for the market be eliminated in favor of planned production. . . . To give the sanction of government to sustain profits is not a planned economy, but a regimented organization for exploitation.

These are straight and bitter truths, which not only General Johnson, but President Roosevelt himself will put aside untasted or swallow coughing and sputtering. The majority of the American public is not yet ready for them. Yet though the President may give ear to the reformers and may even try many of their suggestions—not now, when they ought to be tried, but after the next Congress is elected—we shall all in the end have to come back to the essence of the matter as set forth by realists like Darrow and Thompson.

Two More Little Hitlers

DURING the past year the world has more or less adjusted itself to the thought of periodic fascist victories in Europe and has come to the tragic conclusion that this inundation of reaction will subside only after the peoples of the Continent have drained the bitter cup of political experience to the dregs. But the news that two nations within three days have adopted the authoritative form of government is calculated to disturb even the most impassive onlooker.

That Latvia and Bulgaria should go fascist was in itself not surprising. In both nations anti-democratic movements demanding the abolition of parliament and of constitutional guarantees had gained a firm foothold in certain sections of the population; and their rulers—Minister President Charles Ulamis in Latvia and King Boris in Bulgaria—have consistently moved in the direction of absolutism in the state. They waited only for a favorable moment to put their intentions into practice with the least possible risk of popular disapproval. Inspired by the remarkable ease with which Dollfuss avoided the disapproval of the democratic nations while applying fascist shackles to the Austrian people, the Bulgarian Boris of the House of Coburg proceeded to do likewise. In Latvia it was the propaganda of National Socialist elements supported by German marks that brought the coup to a head last week. In both nations the army was the executive rather than the directing force. The coup d'état was a military revolt only in the sense that the conscripted soldiery seem to have rendered unquestioning obedience to their officers.

The Latvian situation is visibly dominated by Nazi influences. Immediately after the World War the German-Russian nobility, which almost without exception constitutes the great land-holding class of the nation, resumed relations with Germany's counter-revolutionary aristocracy. Dr. Alfred Rosenberg's influence brought them into the National Socialist camp and has since been able to maintain the domination of the Hitlerite party over its Latvian offspring. There are two other fascist organizations in Latvia, but the wing of the movement that displays the swastika is by far the most powerful of the three. Under Dr. Rosenberg's influence it became strongly anti-Soviet and anti-Semitic, although Latvia's Jews are few in number and devoid of influence.

After their separation from Russia, the three Baltic nations—Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania—faced a serious economic situation. Instead of cooperating for their common welfare, each went its own way. In the hothouse atmosphere of high tariff legislation, so-called "home industries" grew up from Memel to Narwa, although these were justified from the point of view neither of native raw materials nor of rational production. They were the fruit of a primitive desire for self-sufficiency. Autarky as a social philosophy played an increasingly important part in Baltic political and industrial life.

Early in 1932 a change seemed to come over the affairs of the Baltic states, one that might lead to economic coöperation. The tariff union that had been established between Latvia and Esthonia just after the War had broken down and the economic crisis was crippling industry and commerce throughout the entire region. Representatives of the three nations met in Riga to discuss the possibility of a Baltic confederation. But many political differences intervened. The agrarian nobility which dominated Latvia was by this time wholly National Socialist in its outlook and so strongly Pan-German as to make impossible any understanding with the anti-German Lithuanian government.

In Latvia meanwhile, National Socialist propaganda exerted an ever growing influence on the population; although the parliament demanded restrictive action and passed laws forbidding the wearing of uniforms. These the government ignored. Indeed, fascist agitators so manifestly had the approval and support of the authorities that the parliament was powerless to act against them.

The fascist dictators of the two nations display a pitiable lack of originality. In both Riga and Sofia they justify fascism as the last defense against the Communists, who, in Latvia as well as in Bulgaria, had allegedly planned an uprising "a few days hence." With Mussolini, Hitler and Dollfuss, the Lett Ulmanis and the Bulgar Gueorguieff now make their bows to the world as the saviors of their respective nations from the Russian dragon.

Actually the communist movement is by far the weakest of the Latvian labor parties. The labor movement is overwhelmingly Social Democratic and wholly reformist in outlook. In a resolution adopted in November, 1931, on the question of participation in a coalition government, the party emphasized that "the Social Democracy of Latvia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not opposed in principle to government coalition. But it will enter a coalition only if by so doing it can secure important advantages to the working class . . ." Twenty of the one hundred deputies in the Latvian Diet were Social Democrats. When the Communist party was declared illegal in November, 1933, its seven deputies were forcibly ejected from the Saeima.

Ulmanis and his new Cabinet have not yet indicated how the new corporative state is to function. That it will move along the lines laid out by Germany may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. Since the Constitution has been abrogated, the Saeima dissolved, all influential Communists and Socialists arrested and the trade unions, with their 25,000 members, destroyed, the process of fascization in the nation will take its regular course.

The new Bulgarian government also has already taken great strides in this direction. The Sobranje has been dissolved, the Constitution discarded, all parties abolished and trade unions "and other forces of disintegration" outlawed. The government issued a manifesto in which it declared that "an authoritative regime, free from political passion and prejudice," will do away "with the system of parliamentary democracy which has so signally failed in its mission." The "organization of a disciplined state," the "creation of a stable communal administration," the "appointment of city mayors by the national authorities" and the "control of industrial production in accordance with the needs of the nation in the direction of lower prices" are a few of the aims outlined by the new regime.

In no other country outside of Soviet Russia is the labor movement dominated by the Communists to the extent to which this is true in Bulgaria. In the 1931 elections the Independent Labor party (legalized Communist party) elected thirty-one deputies; the Social Democratic party, five. The Communists polled 166,000 out of 1,225,000 votes, the Socialists 27,000. In April, 1933, the seats of the Independent Labor party deputies were declared vacant by the Sobranje and the five Social Democrats remained the sole labor representative in the national parliament. Now the Social Democracy and the trade unions, with 10,000 members, have likewise fallen under the fascist ban. According to the latest cables, more than 2,500 representatives of labor have been arrested.

Despite the strength and militancy of the Communist movement in Bulgaria—the revolutionary courage of Dimitroff was characteristic of the organization that produced him—the Bulgarian state has at no time been in danger of a Communist upheaval. The various governments passed too many exception laws against Communist agitators and suppressed Communist propaganda with systematic brutality. Only a few weeks ago forty sailors and soldiers were sentenced to death for distributing Communist leaflets. The death sentences were later commuted to life imprisonment.

Ex-Premier Zankoff, an ultra-reactionary professor of political economy, is generally mentioned as the man behind the present *Putsch*. His party has never had more than 23 out of 273 seats in the Sobranje, but its activity and influence are chiefly responsible for the growth of fascism in Bulgaria. Zankoff has always been a frank admirer and imitator of Hitler's ideas. In a recent interview he admitted that German National Socialism had led the way for the Bulgarian movement. He rejects Hitler's racial theories, it is true, chiefly out of consideration for Bulgaria's strong Turkish minority. But he looks to a program based on Nazi theories and aims to give the Bulgarian people new channels of development and its peasant population new markets that, he says, no parliamentary system of government could possibly provide.

How will the Bulgarian and Latvian upheavals affect conditions on the Continent? In the case of Bulgaria, it appears that Hitler has scored at the expense of Mussolini. The new government declares itself specially interested in the "maintenance of amicable relations with Jugoslavia," the nation that has always been Italy's chief opponent in the Balkan region. Unless appearances are deceiving, Bulgaria is preparing to take its place in a German anti-Italian front which seems determined to oppose Mussolini's growing influence on the Danube.

In the case of Latvia, international developments will be determined largely by relations between Germany and the Soviets. At the moment they are anything but friendly. The Nazi leaders are harshly critical of the Soviet regime in their most recent speeches, and Russia cannot permit their attacks to remain unanswered. It is already transferring its purchases from Germany to Great Britain, Italy and America—a procedure that will again result in German reprisals. In the event of a conflict, the two nations, Latvia and Esthonia, would be the logical line of advance of the German army. But even without such a catastrophe, the Soviet government would find a real hindrance to economic development in the presence at its borders of a Baltic confederation dominated by Germany.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spain Waits

PERHAPS there is no other country where the morphology of a bourgeois democratic republic may be observed to more advantage than in Spain. This republic is only a three-year-old, but it has already had, according to its own voluble theoreticians, the equivalent of decades of political experience. Moreover, the game of politics is something that the public follows with avidity in all the cafés every day. And by the principal actors it is played colorfully before the camera-eye of a hundred restless newspapers which note down, as in laboratory reports, every tremor or oscillation of each crisis.

The amount of public disorder and insecurity has increased in Spain since the elections of November, 1933, when the Catholic reactionary bloc made such striking gains. (The country has adapted itself to a good deal of uproar since the republic arrived in April, 1931; but everyone admits that the last winter season has been rather hard.) The united front achieved by the reactionaries did not win enough to capture the country, but it did go far enough to keep the middle political groups, headed by Alejandro Lerroux, in power. Thus it could halt effectively the socialization of the country, cause the existing ministry of compromise to live on from day to day through a series of "partial" or "total" parliamentary crises, and in general prevent anything from being done until it was ready to promote its reactionary measures openly. Hence there has been continued tension; no political faction has been happy; the opposition of the usually Red and Separatist Catalonians has been intensified; while the entire labor movement, Socialist, Communist and Syndicalist, has taken up the tactics of the united front more seriously than ever before, solidified by growing anger and alarm. But not enough alarm, according to my impression.

One might say that the situation was "full of dynamite" without being in the least metaphorical. Explosives are not academic matters in Spain. In each day's newspaper there are accounts of from one to a half-dozen bomb incidents; there are one or more assassinations—usually of capitalists; there are general strikes confined to cities, such as Valencia and Barcelona; there are organized raids upon foodshops in all the large towns; and finally there are each day at least half a dozen hold-ups or payroll robberies reported from all the large cities, and especially from the southern seaport, "Red" Malaga. One is forcibly reminded of Chicago before the World's Fair, but in Spain these disturbances are all traced to social motives rather than sordidly mercenary ones, and are reported daily in the Spanish press for a page or more, under the head of "Los Conflictos Sociales."

The United Front—Largo Caballero, called "the Spanish Lenin," is the head of the U.G.T., the Socialist trade-union organization; with him the massive ranks of the anarcho-syndicalists, C.N.T., are now believed to be acting in unison, as well as the small but lively Communist party. In the months of February and March the labor action had shown signs of a concerted plan and good discipline. First, as I passed through Madrid, I noted a strike of building workers in progress, involving some 20,000 men. Then came a strike of metal workers. Finally, as the government showed further signs of leaning to the Right, under pressure from Gil Robles' reactionary bloc, there came another blow: a strike of printers and engravers. It stopped all the newspapers of the capital, save El Socialista and, oddly enough, El Debate, the large Catholic journal controlled by Robles and apparently manufactured entirely by Jesuits. For some days all Spain fumbled in an unaccustomed journalistic darkness among the provincial sheets from Granada and Seville. The wildest rumors were circulated of strikes spreading in Madrid, of martial law being proclaimed there, of mysterious arrests of Left and Right extremists. (It turned out to be true that Communist and Syndicalist headquarters were "sealed up," their publications suppressed and preventive arrests made; also certain Socialist and Fascist clubs were closed.)

It was notable that the strikes seemed to have a predominantly political character. They were centered chiefly in the capital and touched strategic industries, such as the post office (in part), all the light and power industry in Barcelona, and the newspapers. The country existed in a state technically known as "alarm." In a drive of a thousand miles by motor car through Spain, I was stopped at least a hundred times and searched for arms by Civil Guards. Everywhere the Civil Guards in green uniforms and the "Assault Troops" in blue uniforms were in evidence, with carbines in their hands—the hold-ups continuing in the meantime with virtually 100-percent impunity and increasing always in number and daring.

The natural supposition would be that the recent uprising of the Austrian Socialists would have had a contagious effect here; that the Socialist workers would abandon hope of gains by legal and parliamentary action, and for their very salvation join the Syndicalists and Communists in a revolutionary effort. Certain of the moves of this shaky republican government seem suspicious enough: a series of preventive arrests are being made; arms are being taken from workers (if not from bandits); the newspapers are censored; army officers are arrested and imprisoned without announced reason; rumors

ARCHIVE COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the outlawing of the Socialist party are heard. As the tension grows, foreign observers await an explosion at any moment. It may have come by the time this article has been published, but actually Spain can bear a good deal more suspense and insecurity than most other countries. The decisive hour—uprising of the proletarians and violent repression by the police of the large and small capitalists—depends upon the incommensurables of the Spanish national character.

Bread Riot—Yet Spain to a tourist seems peaceful enough. The sensational assaults and assassinations generally happen in some other part of town (or some other province), and the part of town where one happens to be, under the hot sun and blue sky, is tranquil and innocent, its natives as unworried and affable as ever. To be sure, by informing oneself and proceeding to the appointed place in time, one may witness planned outbreaks against the public peace, as one might in Chicago some years ago by acquaintanceship among the newspaper fraternity. Thus, through certain Spanish friends familiar with the Anarcho-Syndicalists though not of them, I was able one day in Madrid to watch an organized (*sic*) anarchist assault upon food shops.

The action took place at the square in the proletarian suburb known as the Cuatros Caminos. At first the crowd was gradually massed at one side of the square in front of certain shops. Two or three men passed through the crowd, stealthily giving out written instructions, which the men read and quickly put away in their pockets. Then, at a signal, there was a crash: the windows of the shop were shattered by stones; everyone ran, the anarchists looting the windows as they went. A few policemen and Civil Guards came up slowly at the alarm and began asking questions. About ten minutes later, lorries filled with armed guards came roaring into the Cuatros Caminos, their cut-outs open, sounding like machine guns. But the square was by then almost deserted.

Such incidents are reported every day from all parts of the country.

Spain Waits—The remarkable triumphs of the reactionary and Catholic parties at the last election did not mean, as was so widely reported abroad, that the Spanish masses had all turned reactionary. What happened was that the Right parties, in a fight for existence, quietly organized themselves into a bloc and placed a single candidate in the contest against from five to a dozen Moderate or Left candidates for the Cortes. Thus the Right parties maneuvered for themselves surprising gains and achieved a parliamentary force believed to be out of proportion to their actual numerical strength. The cartel of moderate republican groups that had been governing, found itself almost powerless. Normally the largest single party, the Acción Popular of Gil Robles should have headed the government. But it feared to take power; the entrance of Robles' party, a combination of fascists, Jesuits and big capitalists, into a new government would clearly have earned it a baptism of blood. Apparently Robles and his followers preferred to wait, prolonging the tension and disorder. There followed the trial government of Lerroux, the "Radical Republican," which existed by temporizing between the Right and the Left until it could temporize no longer, and fell.

At the rumors that the Socialist party was to be outlawed (thus far officially denied), Largo Caballero announced the program of the united front. "If the government takes such a step all the workers will come into the street as one man!" Caballero is highly regarded even among the more radical sections of workers; he is said to be intelligent, courageous, gifted with organizing talent, and now determined upon militant action. Hence he seems the natural leader of the united-front action. The issue would therefore resolve itself clearly as one between Caballero's forces and those of Robles.

But can Socialism regain its militancy of thirty or forty years ago? A great many of the Socialists, one judges, are Mensheviks to the bitter end and may not follow Caballero wholeheartedly into direct action. Thus, the strange newspaper strike ended in a defeat after one week, and Madrid remained more or less "orderly." The habitual tension eases at one sector and tightens at another. Spain waits. The densely populated cafés are filled with the high drone of political discussion. But spring has come; and now the names of bull-fighters figure as often in popular conversation as those of statesmen.

Game Called on Account of Darkness.—On April 14, 1931, the monarchy apparently disintegrated through sheer weakness. The revolution was proclaimed; all the people came into the streets; it was a day of exultation. In the rich quarters of the cities the doors of villas were barred, the windows boarded up and the owners stole away. The black-coated brethren, too, took flight. In various cities I have seen the bleak ruins of some churches, new antiques created by the revolution of 1931. But aside from killing sheep in the country and sacking some churches and monasteries, the revolutionists did almost nothing. On the day following the workers were all at their jobs. The bourgeois sneaked back to their houses, and the bourgeois republic, after the one-day debauch, began its shifty and shaky career.

Spanish intellectuals describe the event as one of bitter and grievous disappointment. "In Spain," a young writer said to me, "an uprising may begin on a Friday; the people will fight and kill each other all day in the streets, and perhaps the next day. But Sunday is a day of rest, and the revolution stops." In their Sunday best, their faces washed, the people must go to Church (most of them still do), then to the bull-ring, and so to the café.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Twenty Million Starving Don Quixotes!"—This phrase, spoken by the Russian writer Ilya Ehrenbourg during his visit last year, has been widely quoted by the Spanish themselves. For as Spain is one of the most beautiful countries in all the world, so surely she is one of the poorest and most unchangingly backward. Her mountainous interior yields only the most pitiful existence to the peasants, always consumed by land hunger. No real progress has been made in agrarian reform. The skilled workers in the cities earn ten to twelve pesetas a day, $1.35 to $1.65, when they work; but the vast majority of the unskilled earn five pesetas or less. I have talked with Andalusian fishermen who report half a peseta (about seven cents) as a characteristic day's yield. I have seen their villages made of whitewashed caves hollowed out of the rocky ledges along the sea, where in a room without a window a family of ten sleep on two beds. Diseases of all kinds, especially venereal and eye diseases, are rampant among the children, all of whom are undersized. In the south of Spain there are hunger and mendicancy such as one has heard of only in the Far East. There is in short, in the interior, in the cities and along the coast, one of the most desperate masses of proletarians to be found anywhere, and one of the most long suffering. "Objective conditions," as Lenin would say, bespeak a class revolution as the only issue.

Will these masses of incredibly ragged peasants, these fishermen and workers, follow Gil Robles, a sort of Spanish Dollfuss? Is there any magic recipe in the fascist shake-up of the state that abolishes chronic social inequalities and mass starvation?

Here no one need encourage class consciousness. The divisions among the people are terribly real and are long established. Among the seething city workers there exists almost a century-long tradition of underground struggle. The dissensions of the Spanish, rooted in their character and history, make it hard to conceive of them as living quietly under a brutal discipline. (Rivera's dictatorship settled nothing for them.) Moreover, the frank toleration of individual acts of violence, bombings and assassinations, is traceable to inscrutable and atavistic traits in the Spanish. (Thus they are immensely tender, generous and hospitable; but at the same time they turn out in ever greater numbers even today for their bullfights, as gaudy, priapic and sadistic as ever.) The contradictions of the Spanish character seem to work as powerfully in the indecisive statesmen above as in the passionate crowds down below. They seem to promise no early escape from the protracted social maladies from which the country suffers.

Romantic Bolshevism.—Out of curiosity, I talked with several Anarcho-Syndicalists when I was in Madrid. They seemed high-hearted, irresponsible children, bred to suffering, born to the class struggle and deeply in love with their life of intrigue and combat. Their credo is simple: seize the factories—overthrow the government, the police, the Church, the capitalists. In reality, they have no use for such a complex industrial reorganization as the Communists envisage, for their reasoning stops at a certain point in the revolutionary process. There are said to be 400,000 Anarcho-Syndicalists in Spain, about ten times as many as there are Communists, but they have never accomplished anything.

The intellectuals, on the other hand, have been drawn powerfully toward communism. Certainly fascism has not made very great headway among them as yet. Had they not grown up under a Spanish Mussolini named Rivera? Rivera, fascism and capitalism have done little for the educated people in Spain, half of whom seem to be idle all day long. In decent but threadbare clothes, they subsist on a few centavos a day, inveigh against the bourgeois republic in their clubs and cafés and wait for the day when an overturn will bring a "rebirth of Spain"—and perhaps give them something to do.

Among the avowed or professional Communists, however, there are dashing fellows such as the poet Rafael Alberti, "the Mayakovsky of the Spanish proletariat"; there are the children of aristocrats, scientists, even of millionaires, as well as of the poor and humble of earth. One has the feeling that a romantic form of Bolshevism grips them. They are at a stage far removed, necessarily, from that of their Russian confrères.

The moderate republican element in Spain, and for that matter the labor movement itself, for all its united front, seems full of hesitation at the moment. The reactionary forces, on the other hand, seem more unified than before; and so the specter of fascism is in everyone's mind—though fascism has no working-class following in Spain. One wonders if fascism could keep the Spanish extremists quiet. And then fascism is strongest in a nation that fears war or believes in the necessity of war. Spain has an old culture and almost every variety of natural beauty, but she is poor; and no one seems to want to conquer her.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

P. S. While reading proof on these travel notes, I received a letter from a Spanish friend, a capable Madrid journalist. "The revolutionary spirit," he says, "is undoubtedly growing; even the lower middle class is becoming radical-minded. This week there have been big mass demonstrations in Barcelona and Madrid against the *peste fascista,* with 200,000 on the street in Barcelona all day long, and 100,000 in Madrid. The Communist slogan of United Front, *Frente Unico,* is becoming popular among proletarians of all political tendencies and is making headway against the usual difficulties. The reactionary forces have taken a beating in spite of the protection they are getting from the government." My friend is considerably more optimistic today than was anybody to whom I talked in April.

M. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mood of English Youth

THAT THE political and economic stresses of our time should be responsible for the emergence of new modes of thought and feeling among the generation now coming to maturity in England was inevitable. The post-war generation is over and the post-post-war generation, as different from its predecessor as chalk from cheese, has arrived. There is, it is clear, a quickly accelerating drift of change; but the direction of the change is not easy to discern. So far as the emotional mood of the young is concerned, it is one of great and growing seriousness. Gone are the disillusionment, the flippancy, the cynicism of the post-war years. Instead, there is a tendency to take the gods of our grandfathers off the shelf upon which our fathers have placed them, the gods of earnestness and simplicity, of authority, of leadership, even of faith.

The change can be seen most clearly in the debates of such a body as the Oxford Union, which, if we may accept the evidence of the celebrated Oxford resolution, at once leads and reflects the opinions of students in English universities. Five years ago the content of a speech was considered comparatively unimportant. To make a witticism, to point a jest, to coin a *bon mot,* to introduce the calculated patch of purple, these were the objects of the Union orator. Appropriate remarks, he would tell you, as he cheerfully ransacked the eighteenth-century wits for epigrams, were meant to be appropriated: originality was merely skill in concealing origins.

Today, all this is changed. The speeches are uniformly serious: their virtue is sincerity, their defect dullness. Without eloquence or wit, young men discourse upon the provisions of the new Unemployment Act, the government's housing policy, the international control of civil aviation or the prospects of introducing socialism without revolution.

There are, I think, two main reasons for this change. The first is a growing sense of political and economic emergency, an emergency which is recognized to be no less serious because its prolongation over two years fatigues the sense of excitement and dulls that of alarm. There is a realization that the financial crisis of 1931 was not an isolated phenomenon but as deep-rooted in its causes as it is likely to be far-reaching in its effects; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it—and the Communists do not shrink from putting it in the round and the large—it is a symptom of a chronic disease, the disease of capitalism in decay. Young men who live continuously with crisis have neither time for, nor patience with, "the harlot of the arts," and the appreciation of oratory has declined as the

Second, for the first time within living memory the student is growing up into a world that appears to have no need of his services. Always in the past the undergraduate could on "going down" look forward to the reasonable prospect of a job. Today, this is no longer the case. Of thirty men and women who a year ago took their degrees in a certain department of London University with which I am acquainted, and proceeded in quest of the employment for which their education had prepared them, only five at the time of writing have succeeded in finding it. The situation bears, at the moment, most hardly upon women. The highly qualified university woman has become a veritable drug in the labor market. I had some conversation recently with a young woman of about twenty-four, who attended a course of public lectures I was giving for business employees. She had been educated at Roedean, our most expensive girls' school, won a scholarship at Newnham College, Cambridge, the blue ribbon of woman's academic achievement, and there taken a first in both parts of her "Tripos." Two years ago she had "gone down" and, apart from teaching, which she abhorred, had tried every avenue of employment the agencies could suggest. She had recently taken a post as a shop assistant at a big London store, in despair of finding any work for which her talents had fitted, her education had trained her.

The case is extreme but not untypical. Inevitably young men and women about to enter a world that offers them neither openings nor encouragement are moved to ask why these things should be so, and with a puzzled bewilderment to which none of us is today altogether a stranger, to set about the task of trying to understand the factors that have made such a situation possible.

Their attitude to society is formed in the light of such understanding as they may achieve. What are its characteristics? On the one hand, there are the familiar socialist tendencies of modern English youth. To some extent these are purely conventional. The Labor party has now been in existence long enough for many of the present generation of contemporary youth to have been born into Labor households. The adhesion of many of these to socialism is a thoroughly unpolitical phenomenon, without significance, either for the trends of the present or the possibilities of the future.

Pacifism, on the other hand, is as important to the young as it is often abhorrent to their elders. The celebrated Oxford resolution expressed more than a transient mood, and as its echoes reverberated through universities and clubs and debating societies up and down the country, it became clear that whatever government was responsible on whatsoever pretext for taking England into the next war

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to reckon with the uncompromising opposition of a certain proportion of its youth. On a conservative estimate some 25 percent of those who voted that under no circumstances would they fight for their king and country, might be expected —if I may use so unfortunate a metaphor—to stand to their guns. On this basis the number of resisters would be well over a hundred thousand. The general mood of England at the moment, is, indeed, unmistakably and emphatically pacifist. There is still faith in the League, and the possibility of internationalizing civil aviation as a first step in the organization of collective security is one of the outstanding topics of discussion. Meanwhile, communism, if by communism is meant a general adhesion to the communist thesis, coupled with a sympathy with communist ideals and not membership in the Communist party (whose numbers remain constant at their negligible figure), grows rapidly, so much so that it has come to be the distinguishing creed of the young intellectual. Poets and artists flirt with it; it is perhaps the most typical expression of the political sympathies of the scientific worker. It, rather than the conventual socialism of the Labor party affords the channel along which the naïve idealism, the passionate desire to set the world to rights that characterizes the best type of young mind, finds at the moment its most appropriate expression.

So much for what may be termed the official attitudes of English youth. But the number of those who consciously adopt any attitude to politics is inevitably small. What of the rest? Here, the prospect is disquieting. In these later years there has been in my view—and here I may be voicing merely a private heresy—a new moral and social orientation of youthful opinion. Very roughly it might be described as a return of Puritanism. This latest wave of young men that floods our universities is noticeably better behaved than its predecessors. It is reverent towards authority, respectful to the old, docile in its acceptance of opinion. The level of morals goes up as that of skirts goes down and there is chivalry to what it is again becoming fashionable to regard as the weaker sex. Young men and women do not anticipate the pleasures of marriage before its ceremony; they are even restoring the half-forgotten rite of engagement. Spiritually and politically they are guideless and wistfully conscious of the fact; the Buchmanite movement absorbs some of them; others subside into the Catholic Church, but, on the whole, they are without religion. Five years ago they would have been members of the Labor party, of the Independent Labor party, or of some left-wing body: today, they own no political allegiance. "Something to believe," "somebody to follow," these phrases seem to me to epitomize their instinctive demand upon life. Are they raw material for fascism? Some of the symptoms are there, but there is as yet no conscious avowal. This, at least, seems clear: we are accumulating in England dry tinder to flame to the spark of the first enthusiasm that can set it alight. If socialism can supply that spark, well and good. If not. . . .

C. E. M. JOAD.

Senator Long at Home

ON THE day before Easter, this reporter obtained an intimate glimpse of the Kingfish. He was in New Orleans, stopping at the Hotel Roosevelt. "What good will it do you to talk to me?" he boomed at me over the house telephone, and when I had stated my errand, "Where are you? Well, come on up."

In a roomy suite on the twelfth floor, I found the Senator receiving callers in his bedroom. As I entered, he was giving crisp directions to two bright young men from The American Progress, a weekly newspaper that Long founded to spread his ideas and his fame.

He turned to me with the same studied and booming rudeness that he had used over the telephone, "What proof have you that you represent a newspaper?"

"No proof, except my word."

"That's not worth anything!" he barked. He turned away abruptly and strode to the door of an adjoining room where his secretary sat bowed over a mass of letters and documents. Perhaps the Senator suspected me of having been sent by political opponents to spy out his movements. He seemed to weigh some such possibility for an instant, as he stood with his back turned. Evidently he decided to follow his usual tactics of letting-them-have-it-if-they-ask-for-it. For just a second he grinned at me over his shoulder and walked deliberately into the next room.

I could hear him quite clearly as he spoke to his secretary, and he must have known it. "You say you have a man that knew Bradley back in 1896 when he was running that gambling house?" It was not hard to guess that the talk referred to Colonel E. R. Bradley, summoned recently at Long's suggestion to appear before the Senate Finance Committee, in connection with an investigation of D. D. Moore, whose appointment as Internal Revenue Collector for Louisiana the Kingfish is opposing with characteristic violence. According to Long, Colonel Bradley is back of Moore as well as back of the opposition machine in Louisiana politics.

"You've no idea," the Senator said to me chattily,

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

returning all at once to where I sat waiting, "how hard it is to find out who's really back of these gambling houses. Even when, as Governor of Louisiana, I had some of them raided, I couldn't find out who was backing them. But I'm getting the goods this time—don't worry!"

"And now, young lady, what is it that you want to know? You say you want to know more about my 'Share the Wealth' movement? Well, I want to tell you that we're going to organize the United States—there won't be a town or a community that hasn't one of these clubs. We have 3,000 societies already, forty in New Orleans alone. We have about a quarter of a million members so far, a fourth of them, I'd say, in Louisiana. And we've only started to grow. Pretty soon we're going to take the air, and when we get six or seven stations in a nationwide hook-up, you'll see things happening.

"No, it doesn't cost anything to join. I and my friends have been paying expenses so far. Yes, just to help humanity—that's our purpose. But the expenses are starting to get a little steep now."

"Well, what exactly are the members of the 'Share the Wealth' clubs supposed to do?"

"Learn the Truth!" roared the Kingfish.

"The truth about what?" I inquired.

"Oh—about Life and Death. . . . It's all in Plato. Did you ever read Plato?"

Before I could answer, the Kingfish was on his feet and calling into the next room: "George! Get me a razor and a shaving-brush! I want to shave!"

"Yes," he resumed in a confiding tone to me, "it's all in Plato. You know—the Greek philosopher. I hadn't read Plato before I wrote my material on the 'Share the Wealth' movement, and when I did read Plato afterwards, I found I had said almost exactly the same things. I felt as if I had written Plato's 'Republic' myself. Isn't that funny?"

"And now I'll tell you how the idea of this 'Share the Wealth' movement came to me," began the Senator, perching himself on the bed with one foot curled under him. "Way back in 1914, when I was a law student, I wrote a letter to the Congressman from Louisiana—I can't find that letter now, to save my life—pointing out that the country couldn't continue more than fifteen years longer as it was going. And what happened? Exactly fifteen years later the crash came! Concentration of wealth—that is the greatest menace we have today!

"But this idea goes back even further in my experience," he went on more gently. "It goes back to when I was a little boy in the parish of Winn, and I saw what happened when a community ceased to share its wealth. When I was a very small child, everyone in that parish had enough to eat, and everybody got along, and nobody thought of being jealous of anybody else. And nobody ever thought of asking them for money. My father had a 320-acre farm, and when I was seven years old, four railroads came to town, and they all ran through that farm. Then a town grew up. Some men got rich, and others couldn't pay their debts.

"When I was nine years old, I saw a farm sold out for the first time. Some poor fellow's that couldn't pay his debts. He got right up on a little old cracker-box in the square and asked the people not to bid on his farm. If he could only have a chance to raise one more crop, he could pay his debts. And not a man in that crowd would bid, except one—and he was my cousin. I was only a child then, and he was a grown-up man. But I thought that was the meanest thing I ever saw in my life, for my cousin to buy that poor man's farm when he didn't need it. Something awful's going to happen to him, I thought. And sure enough, his wife died soon after that, and all sorts of misfortunes overtook him."

As the Senator sat there curled up on the bed in the pose of an earnest small boy, talking with that magnetic gentleness, I could see why it was that so many simple people were led to believe he was their friend. But I returned stubbornly to the realm of cold facts.

"But the community of which you speak, Senator, was a very simple farming community. Do you favor some kind of back-to-the-land movement?"

"Wallace says we'll have to move a million Southern cotton farmers up North, and Roosevelt says, 'Back to the Land.' So what do you make of it? No, I don't exactly favor a movement back to the land. As far as cotton goes, if I'd had my way, I'd have stopped *all* cotton production for a year."

"But what about the men who live from growing cotton?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh—er—I'd have public works for *them*," countered the Senator airily.

Meanwhile the razor the Kingfish had ordered put in an appearance. He stood up, and without a word of apology removed his coat. He removed his vest. He pulled off his tie and unfastened his collar. Then he disappeared into the bathroom to reappear again still in his shirtsleeves, his face full of lather and the borrowed razor in his hand.

"Now as I was saying," he remarked through the foam, "the main trouble in this country today is concentration of wealth. The purpose of my movement is to diffuse this wealth. We need one little law limiting incomes and property ownership. The surplus would go into the United States Treasury, and would ultimately get to the people. How? Oh—er—through public works, highways and all that. I would limit the amount of property a man could own at fifty million dollars, incomes at one million dollars a year, and the amount any child could inherit at five millions. I don't want to suggest anything too radical at the start. Eventually, I believe the amount any man could possess would be lowered to five millions, or even two and a half. Enough to be comfortable on, anyway." I recalled that the Senator himself was reputed to be worth just about two and a half millions.

"After all," he went on, why should anyone go hungry when there is enough in the country for

LIBRARY.UNLV.EDU
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everyone to eat? Why should they go ragged, when there's enough to wear?

"You see," he added more gravely. "I am not in favor of abolishing private property. Only of limiting it. It's either this or Communism."

"Then your movement would actually have the effect of saving the Wall Street magnates whom you denounce?"

"That would be one of the unfortunate effects of my program," admitted the Senator, wryly. "I'd cut their nails and file their teeth and let them live. But a movement like mine has to come. The time is ripe for it, the people are ready for it—and a little more than ready. It's the only stop-gap to Communism!"

Hitler, I recalled, had made very much the same claim—and for years educated people in Germany considered Hitler no more than a clown. On a program no more coherent that Huey Long's, Hitler had come to power. Merely by promising discouraged people freedom from want and care, he built himself a broad organization among the masses, and on the strength of this he became dictator of the Third Reich.

Recalling this, I could not help wondering if it was entirely wise for clever people in America to laugh at the pretensions of Huey P. Long. In spite of his impossible manners, in spite of the absurd situations in which he has placed himself, in spite of his patent lack of scruples and his ruthless opportunism, Long has brains, energy and tenacity. He has the ability to win the hearts of plain people and to fog their minds. He has the gift of oratory and a strong will to power.

New Orleans, La. ROSE LEE.

A Little Nest of Fascists

ROSLYN, in the state of Washington, lies in the mountains about a hundred miles from Seattle, three miles off the Spokane road where it passes through Cle-Elum, with which it is connected by a single strip of pavement. Seen on the map it resembles a toy balloon on a string; cut the string (or throw a force of police across the road) and the balloon is isolated.

Readers of The New Republic who have been following events in Imperial Valley may find some interest in the following recital of the experience of an Engishman and his wife in this other disturbed corner of the West Coast. The experiences were comparatively trivial, but illuminating to the writer (who is a member of the Economics faculty at Oxford and will be hereinafter referred to as the O.U.P., or Oxford University Professor).

Roslyn is the center of a decaying mining area and for some weeks there has been strife between a newly formed local of the United Mine Workers and the Western Miners' Union for the right to represent the workers. Mediators appointed by the federal government found for the United Mine Workers—on what basis the O.U.P. has so far been unable to discover—but the Western Miners' Union declined to accept the decision and remained on strike. The situation became increasingly violent and local papers gave reports of police activities in the area, particularly the breaking of picket lines with tear-gas bombs. It should be mentioned that Roslyn belongs to the Northern Pacific Railway, though apparently the miners in large measure own their homes. All things considered it seemed a good place for the O.U.P. to observe an industrial conflict at first hand. He therefore motored over, accompanied by the district secretary of the I.L.D., Revels Cayton, a young Negro, who was to introduce him to the strikers' committee.

Roslyn, when reached, looked very drear; the houses were faintly reminiscent of those of Southern share-croppers; the streets gave no signs of activity and the general feeling of a state of siege was noticeable. After a brief lunch we drove to the Western Miners' hall, which was locked. Our efforts were observed by members of the state patrol, who promptly closed in. After failing to find that our automobile papers were out of order they invited us to come to headquarters at Cle-Elum for further investigation. There, one look at Cayton was enough for the lieutenant. "You're the man who made speeches at Anacortes. You're arrested." Mrs. O.U.P., herself a graduate of law, was a bit surprised at such summary methods and asked if some warrant or legal justification was not necessary. "Oh, no, that's not necessary. He's arrested." But has he a criminal record?" "No, but we know about him." So exit Cayton.

This was about 1:50 P. M., less than an hour after our arrival. At 2:30 P. M. the next character appeared, the chief of the state patrol, who had been having a leisurely haircut, requiring Mr. and Mrs. O.U.P. to justify their presence. So did the federal immigration officer. The workers in Roslyn are about 80-percent Slav; it is not difficult to pin on them a sufficient number of felonies to bring them under the jurisdiction of this officer also, even though they may be American citizens. The extent of intimidation was becoming clear to Mr. and Mrs. O.U.P., and the extent of illegality began to be plain with the discovery that their motor car had been searched in their absence. None the less they declined to leave without their guest. Thus the afternoon wore on till, about 5:30 P. M., there arrived the prosecuting attorney, to whom they had again to justify their presence. About an hour later Cayton reappeared and we left, the attorney giving us a short address to the effect that we had better not come back. The chief of the state patrol refused to return certain personal items to Cayton.

Cayton himself looked relieved as we left. He had spent most of the afternoon in the local jail, in a cell adjoining a black hole, whose description recalled that by Charles Reade of English prisons a century or more ago. Being prudent as well as courageous, he had concealed a few blankets in the

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black hole, in anticipation of being locked in there later, and had snatched some sleep on the others. His examination had been stupid and severe, including an ominous looking-over by a couple of Vigilantes, and his final release, no charge being established, was accompanied by the threat that next time he would be "handed over to the Vigilantes. Remember Yakima." It was at Yakima that the Vigilantes beat up an organizer, cutting a swastika on his scalp and "U.S.S.R." on his back. There is little likelihood of the workers forgetting that. The O.U.P. began to understand his relief and to realize that if he and Mrs. O.U.P. had not remained, the lad—he is about twenty-four—would certainly not have emerged undamaged and, being a Negro, would have been lucky to emerge alive.

What is behind all this can perhaps be explained by quoting three conversations, as nearly as possible verbatim.

One: Scene, office of the Chief of Police. Present, Cayton and chorus of police, Vigilantes. "You—You're the—." (I am afraid the editor will cut this scene so we'll go to scene two.)

Two: Lounge of the Travelers' Hotel, headquarters of the state patrol.

O.U.P.: "Now, why is the situation so tense?"

Chief of State Patrol: "Well, it's not the men so much as the women. They use such foul language. The British sailor is said to use the foulest language (a gratuitous insult at which the O.U.P. is too startled to protest), but these women are beyond anything you have ever heard. And we won't stand for that."

Mrs. O.U.P.: (naïvely): "Is it necessary to use tear gas to stop them?

C.S.P.: "Well . . . "

Three: Scene the same.

Prosecuting Attorney: "May I ask a few questions?"

O.U.P.: "By what right? So far neither I nor my friend has been accused of anything."

P.A.: "Well, you see, when you are administering martial law, or near martial law, you have to do things. . . . "

O.U.P.: "You either have martial law or you don't. Has it been proclaimed?"

P.A.: "No, but it probably will be. These people are in a dangerous mood."

And the moral of that is—what? To the O.U.P. three things seem clear. First, that fascism, which to Easterners with whom he spoke seemed merely a possible danger impending in the realm of federal government, is here in the West a present fact. It operates through intimidation and illegality. It is "boring from within" by getting control of a variety of local situations. This will prepare the way for control of national situations.

Second, the movement does not like to be observed. Whatever the police may have failed to do, they at least succeeded in preventing the O.U.P. from obtaining any first-hand information. The local chief of police professed utter ignorance of what the trouble was all about—a falsehood too obvious to deceive even an O.U.P. and one reflecting seriously on the chief's competence both as a policeman and as a prevaricator. He should have thought up something better.

Third, America's present troubles are not signs of economic difficulties but of moral turpitude. The Roslyn women swear; and Vigilantes, seventy-two state patrolmen working twenty hours per day at a daily cost of around $5 to $6 per man, cannot stop them. The O.U.P. guesses that the real trouble in Imperial Valley is solely that the Mexicans, the sons-of-bitches, insist on spitting into the irrigation ditches.

E. M. HUGH-JONES.

Washington Notes

Government by Changing Your Mind—A Program Sacrificed for Adjournment—Ballyhoo as a Weak Foundation

IF WE USE the President's own simile of unannounced play-by-play strategy of the football field, this administration shifts its formation so often and with such celerity and grace that it is impossible to make any forecast of its purpose more than a few days ahead. For example, take the recent silver conferences. Mr. Roosevelt asked for legislation of a permissive rather than a mandatory nature. One silver Senator thereupon pointed out that he could hardly go back to his people and tell them he had given the power to decide to a President who did not believe in the action desired. To this the President, with one of his most engaging smiles, is reported to have said, "But I might change my mind."

Moreover, that is exactly what he may do—not necessarily on silver, but on a variety of other matters where definite administration attitudes have already been announced. So, having put through his Stock Exchange Bill, the President's disposition is to let slide one or two others which his friends regard as vital to his program and to which he himself is fully committed. Among these is the Wagner Labor Board Bill.

Certainly, Senator Wagner has had every reasonable assurance of the President's wholehearted sympathy with its purpose and the disappointment of organized labor if the bill fails will be as deep as the relief of organized industry and the company-union advocates will be great. Yet, at the most recent of the legislative conferences with House leaders, the President seemed to show no particular interest in the bill. It was, accordingly, quietly taken off the "must" list—along with the unemployment-insurance measure, which had received administration endorsement and was regarded as an integral part of this session's program.

The casual willingness of Mr. Roosevelt that both these important measures should go over until next year is said not to indicate any change of heart or lack of interest on his part. On the contrary, White House spokesmen convey the confidential word that the President failed to push them through wholly because of his desire to get Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress adjourned at the earliest possible moment. Hence, he is willing, even anxious, to sidetrack all controversial measures that might prolong debate. It seems to me an inadequate reason, irreconcilable with a desire to utilize his opportunities fully and make the most of his prestige. More than that, it seems the poorest sort of judgment in the face of the quite obvious fact that in the next Congress Mr. Roosevelt is very unlikely to have anything approximating his present support. If he were wise and completely convinced of what he wants, he would not let this Congress get away until he had got it. And, anyhow, what possible damage to the nation or the New Deal can there be in the continuation of Congress in session until the last of June?

So far as I can gather, the only plans the President has are for his announced trip to our insular possessions—Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, through the Canal and then to Hawaii. It undoubtedly will be a grand trip and there is a laudable desire among the newspaper correspondents to accompany the President, but it is difficult to see why two or three more weeks of Congress should be considered so dangerous that to avoid them requires the sacrifice of such measures as these. I know of no particular reason why a two or three weeks' delay in his trip would upset anybody's convenience or calculations, and find the ardent desire for a speedy adjournment inexplicable.

One could understand it if Congress had got out of hand and if there were real danger that the present program would be dislocated. But certainly no such danger threatens. With the control he has reëstablished over Congress since his return from his vacation on the Astor yacht, Mr. Roosevelt has been able to get practically everything he wanted. The Stock Exchange Bill was restored to its pristine vigor. His tariff proposal is concededly sure of passage; the amendments to the Securities Act were those he sanctioned; he has the silver enthusiasts in a position where they can do nothing inimical to his financial policy; he can, with pressure, get through both his Communications Bill and the new home-renovating-and-improvement plan launched last week (though it is one of the most confused, complicated and least promising of the New Deal schemes).

Under these circumstances, with both House and Senate eating out of his hand, it is hard to understand why he should throw overboard the Wagner Labor Board and the Unemployment Insurance Bills. It is no exaggeration to say that within the administration there is acute disappointment among some of his most loyal liberal friends at what they regard as totally unnecessary slackening of pressure just at the time that pressure should be applied. They have not been backward in making this feeling known at the White House, and there is still some hope that Mr. Roosevelt will shift again and take a firm stand in favor of Congress's staying here long enough to enact the legislation to which he is committed. It is being pointed out to him that there is hardly one chance in a hundred that he will be as strong in the next Congress as he is in this.

While it is conceded that the Democrats will retain control of the House as a result of the November elections, it is also conceded that their majority will be considerably reduced, which is entirely natural and inevitable. The more unbiased observers incline to the opinion that if the Democrats lose no more than fifty seats, they will be justified in construing the result as a victory, or at least not as a defeat. But if they lose more than fifty seats there will be ground for believing that the administration has received a vote of no confidence and that its popularity is ebbing.

One thing must be said about Congress—it, or at least the bulk of it, is just about as anxious to get away as the President is to have it go, which ought to make it easier for him to get what he wants. Most of the members, all of whom have primaries in their districts, are anxious to get back home to ascertain sentiment and map out their campaigns. Recent events, notably the Pennsylvania Republican contest between Governor Pinchot and Senator Reed, have created a feeling that the New Deal enthusiasm is not what it was—that the bloom is off the rose, that it may not be popular to stand as a 100-percent supporter of Roosevelt's policies, particularly as a supporter of the N.R.A. The crumbling of that organization is too obvious to be mistaken, and it is a lamentable fact that love, reverence and fear of the Blue Eagle have all disappeared together.

It is an extraordinary and significant fact that it is almost impossible to find a single Democratic Senator or Representative who wholeheartedly defends this much mismanaged and misdirected experiment. For that matter, it is hard to find an individual within the organization itself, including the inspiring General, who does not concede the need of reconstruction and revamping. What an amazing change six months have wrought! It is an illustration of the impermanency of experiments built on ballyhoo.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Sagging Market—Candidates for the Control Commission—Ben Smith Times His Return—Profits in Shellacking

OF COURSE the outsider who can always tell precisely what is going on in Wall Street and always knows what is happening inside the skulls of the Stock Exchange crowd is convinced that the decline in the price of stocks which has been depressing the country has been managed from behind the scenes in Wall Street, and that all this has been engineered as part of the campaign of fright with which Mr. Whitney and his confederates have been fighting the Exchange Control Bill.

I do not believe there have been any deliberate attacks on the market. There has been a good deal of short selling, but it has been sporadic and unorganized, and has been pushed forward by men who are operating entirely in the interest of making money in the existing market situation.

There is, on the contrary, every reason why there should be a good deal of smart buying by informed market operators if they were being guided wholly by the provisions of the new Exchange Bill. The bill will certainly result in the establishment of higher margins on most stocks. But margins in effect when the law is passed will not be disturbed. Hence the tendency of the bill at the moment would be to speed up buying.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sagging of the market has been chiefly the result of the discouraging business news. Our faithful front pages continue to fool the public about the alleged improvement in business, but Wall Street is not fooled. For weeks all the advance information has been of a depressing nature. The coming months will doubtless bring more disturbing business news and plenty of it. It will take lots of white paper and ink to whip up the national optimism for the promised Roosevelt recovery. Chain-store sales, department-store sales, freight-car loadings, steel output and other trade activities have either passed or are approaching the peak for this little gust of recovery. Relief burdens grow, the building industry hangs back, even declines—it looks as though even the drought would turn out to be a fizzle—and Wall Street knows all this. That is why there is no buying.

When the Stock Exchange Bill becomes law it is probable that there will be a rise in prices. Everyone will then be sure that the rulers of the Street had been holding prices down. As a matter of fact, the one bright spot—of dubious brilliance, however—in Wall Street is the outlook for inflation. Wall Street is slowly coming to the belief that inflation is inevitable. As soon as that notion gets around enough we are likely to see a rise in prices.

The thing Wall Street is most interested in now is the personnel of the commission that is to supervise its activities. It is generally accepted that Commissioner James Landis will be a member, whatever kind of commission is decided on. But one hears that Wall Street would like to see Mr. John M. Hancock, of the firm of Lehman Brothers, and Mr. John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, on the commission. These names would look well, as both are supposed to have favored regulation. So did Mr. Richard Whitney favor regulation. Of course, appointments like these would practically nullify the whole purpose of the Exchange Bill.

I have a candidate or two for the commission—though I fear I do them no good by proposing them. One is Mr. Thomas Corcoran, now counsel for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The other is Mr. Ben Cohen, assistant counsel to the Public Works Administration. On the score of sheer deserts these men are entitled to these posts. If public service means anything they ought to be recognized. Without them there could not possibly have been any kind of Stock Exchange Bill with any value in it. Of course, I should add that this is also true of Ferdinand Pecora, whose tremendous service to the nation through the long, arduous and monumental investigation of the exchanges, the banks and Wall Street laid the groundwork for the bill and whose ceaseless labors, along with Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen, brought it to its final passage.

I do not think a great deal of the bill in the form in which it passed. But it is possible, with the proper kind of commission, to make the measure an instrument of great progress. That commission should be made up of men of unimpeachable integrity—not just money honesty—the kind of integrity that is not sullied by ulterior ambitions and the secret prompting of the acquisitive itch. They should be men of great intelligence, industry, social vision. They should have courage. All these qualities these two men possess in an extraordinary degree. The final tragedy in the long history of this bill would be to name a group of pompous stuffed-shirts. The President now has the opportunity to exhibit to the country the sincerity of his promises to bring Wall Street under control. I nominate for the Stock Exchange control commission, whatever form it may have assumed by the time this is printed, Mr. Thomas Corcoran and Mr. Ben Cohen.

Meantime, as the Exchange Bill goes to its last stages and the Pecora investigating committee prepares to demobilize, a distinguished citizen returns to our shores. He is Mr. Ben Smith, one of our leading Wall Street operators, who was concerned in the American Commercial Alcohol pool and who was far from the land where his victims lay sleeping when Mr. Pecora wanted to question him. But now he is back and he has let it be known that he is quite bullish on America. This must be true, for he has come prepared. It is reported that Mr. Smith has become interested in another commodity—shellac of all things! Mr. Smith doubtless believes that happy days are about to return and that the dear old public is ripe for another coat of his new commodity.

But why the interest in shellac? I am told that the government has just discovered that a slight variant of shellac makes the best lining for shells. The opportunities for the patriots here are obvious. JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

The Labor Crisis—Trail of an Evil Precedent —Way for the Navy—Humane Thoughts on Homework

THE LABOR situation is more critical today than at any other time since President Roosevelt took office. The epidemic of strikes that began a month ago is mounting sharply in every part of the country, and it is being met with unexampled violence and brutality on the part of the forces of law and order. Within recent weeks no less than ten strikers have been shot and killed by the police or by special company deputies; a score or more have been seriously wounded. The list of casualties, probably incomplete, includes five pickets killed in Alabama, where 8,000 coal and iron miners, mostly Negroes, are on strike; two longshoremen killed in Galveston, Texas, another in New Orleans, and a fourth at San Pedro, California (the port of Los Angeles). With the exception of the riot at San Pedro, during which the union longshoremen set fire to an encampment in which strike-breakers were being guarded, these men were shot down merely for picketing. In no instance were the strikers found to be armed. The use of police to break strikes is, of course, nothing new, but it was at least to be hoped that this might be one of the cards in the old deal that would not turn up again.

The longshoremen's strike, incidentally, affords an excellent example of the absurdity in the President's automobile settlement. The shipping executives have refused to deal with the International Longshoremen's Association, the union leading the strike, because in their opinion it does not represent "all" the workers. In accordance with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

automobile settlement, they assert, it is necessary to have proportional representation. This allegiance of the shipping industry—and, indeed, of many other industries—to the President and especially to the principle of proportional representation is truly touching. But thus far the strikers have not been moved. They might be more convinced of their employers' sincerity if they were shot at a little less freely, and if there were a little less strike-breaking. To the Longshoremen's Association, the fact that shipping on the Pacific Coast and on specific lines in the Gulf and Atlantic Coast has been brought to a standstill seems sufficient evidence that the union represents the great majority of the longshoremen. What more could an election prove?

One of the chief reasons for the speedy passage of the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill was that it would have put an end to this farcical question of who represents the workers. It would have made the representatives of the majority bargainers for the group, reserving to minorities the right to appeal for redress of grievances. The need for such clarification is becoming more apparent each day, not only in the shipping strike but in the innumerable disputes throughout industry. In view of this, the President's reported abandonment of the Wagner Bill is open to serious question. Undoubtedly it means that the ambiguities in the automobile settlement will be the source of increasing labor difficulties. Even apart from the present emergency, it is difficult to see why the bill should not be passed at once. The next Congress will, if anything, be less disposed to consider such legislation.

Naval preparations, it appears, must not be interfered with, either by labor disputes or by code provisions. At least, it took Secretary of the Navy Swanson less than a week to force a settlement of the strike of 3,200 shipyard workers in Camden, New Jersey. He informed the New York Shipbuilding Company that unless it could come to terms with its workers by May 14 (they had been on strike since March 28), he would transfer government contracts for several destroyers to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. "The public interest," he said, "requires that the 'Tuscaloosa' be made available for service at the earliest practicable date." The threat worked. On May 14 the workers returned, having been given a 14-percent raise in pay. Similarly, there was danger that the Elliot Company of Ridgway, Pennsylvania, would be unable to complete on time engines and other equipment for four navy submarines. The thirty-six-hour week in the Electrical Code, officials of the company complained, made it impossible to fulfill the contracts. With considerable dispatch, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt went into a huddle with officials of the N.R.A. They examined the Electrical Code, according to an N.R.A. press release, "only to find it clearly stated that where seasonal or peak demands or legitimate emergencies must be met, the industry may work its skilled employees beyond the thirty-six-hour limit." This point was immediately called to the attention of the Elliot Company and, we are happy to report, "the submarine engines will be finished on time."

The latest group to raise its voice in defense of workers —women and children, this time—calls itself the Home-workers' Protective League. The name, however, is somewhat misleading, for the members of the organization are mostly manufacturers, and their chief interest is in maintaining the right to continue industrial home work, especially in the hand-embroidery and the artificial-flower and feather industries. The N.R.A. codes for these industries prohibit the practice, because it has long been recognized that home workers are disgracefully underpaid. Working on a piece-rate basis, they frequently get no more than two cents an hour and rarely more than twelve cents. It is, accordingly, not difficult to understand why some manufacturers prefer to have people working at home—on coolie pay—rather than in a factory, where code wages must be paid and state labor laws observed.

Last week, the Protective League sought, but failed to get, a federal injunction in New York City to restrain the N.R.A. from enforcing its regulations on a woman "victim" who, according to the League, could not easily work in a factory but wanted to make artificial flowers at home—for a manufacturer. Unfortunately for the League, President Roosevelt has just issued a special executive order permitting home work by those incapacitated for factory work. This eliminates the likelihood of such "victims" as the League has been so humanely concerned for.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

The National Folk Festival

THE ODDS would seem to have been heavily against a national folk festival. To bring the folk from the ends of the United States—isn't this a highly artificial undertaking? Won't this make them self-conscious? Won't the effect be hopelessly wrong when they appear out of their natural setting? Doubts of this order were murmured as the first national folk festival opened at St. Louis on April 30, but somewhere along in the four days of its continuance, with two performances a day and sessions for discussion in the morning, these doubts were smothered. The folk plainly enjoyed themselves on and off the stage. As for their own settings, they had somehow intangibly brought these with them. There could be no doubt as to the natural background for the gay and lyrical square dancing of the large group of young people from the North Carolina mountains. From the moment the fiddlers struck up it was clear that the fast, spirited figures—"Dive and Shoot the Owl," "Building Up the King's Highway," "Cage the Little Red Bird," "The Grapevine Swing," "The Georgia Rangtang"—belonged out of doors, even though they appeared on a stage suited to grand opera. Those who gave the performances had willfully, irresistibly shaped them. Some of the large band from the Ozarks wanted to put on a little play of their own based on a traditional mountain story that had woven itself into their life and memory; and put it on they did, in spite of doubts and opposition, thrusting this bit of drama impromptu into a great unstudied scene like a county fair in which all were taking part. Any director of a given feature will testify how little real direction was involved. Any director was probably surprised by the many fresh touches or broad alterations suddenly improvised in the midst of numbers that had been more or less chosen or laid out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor, in the chosen numbers, was there any impairment of natural qualities. Nothing was lost when Nell Esseck of the Ozarks took a chair, moved down to the microphone, and sang "I was cast on board to serve my king," one of the most beautiful of all the airs in the great number that have come down to us traditionally. For many listeners this song—or this unstudied singing—was the high moment of the festival, though it was all but matched by Clyde Wilson's "Barbara Allen" in the unstressed, classic mode of the ballad. Nothing was lost because an exquisite mode had been perfectly established through too many generations to permit of change.

If on the other hand showmanship appeared in certain features, this had a natural logic. Anyone who knows American folk materials at first hand, that is, knows the people who have produced or transmitted these, realizes how strong the theatrical instinct is among them. An old Vermonter may tell a story with hardly a degree of stress, hardly a modulation of tone, but the point will be "produced." For the moment he is an actor of a highly accomplished order. In the same way, almost any folk group offering characteristic expression in song, story or dancing, will touch this off somehow with that lighted effect which is essentially of the theatre—consciously or not. So productions of folk materials in which a measure of acting or performance was definitely required did not seem out of key. These appeared in the very beautiful fragment of the sixteenth century, "Los Pastores," presented by Spanish-American students of the University of New Mexico, and again in the presentation of white spirituals by trained singers from Nashville, and in the folk plays offered by the Playmakers of the University of North Carolina. The magnificent chorus of a thousand Negro voices, from St. Louis, belonged in the same grouping, for they had been trained. Within human limits it was not always practicable to present the folk expression of those who had unconsciously inherited this; but these singers and performers on what has been called the "second level" of folk expression gave a needed and authentic variation to the full, highly colored pattern.

The whole panorama was amazingly broad, from its opening by a group of Kiowa Indians in a Snake Dance, Shield Dance, Gourd Dance, and—by one of them—a love song with an Indian flute. Traditional French songs from Vincennes and Ste. Geneviève were included. From the north came the camp ballads of Michigan lumberjacks with a context of dancing and instrumental music—of fiddles, banjos, guitars, a dulcimer—familiar in the bunkhouses of fifty or seventy-five years ago. As one feature succeeded another, doubts as to the wisdom of producing a folk festival on a national scale not only vanished; they seemed sentimental. Certainly the folk were uninjured; such self-consciousness as was induced among them would seem to have been stimulating. All of them plainly took pride in their own productions and will perhaps in consequence be less inclined to adopt the bastard music and entertainment flooding in upon them over the air. Each group was immensely interested in the others. The lumberjacks sat straight through all performances except their own, and when they had appeared, they dashed back to their seats so as to miss as little as possible.

In general, the conscious approach to our enormously going back to the isolation of folk life that has prevailed, incredibly, among us for so many years. Either this inheritance must take a natural course, evolve as a living thing, or be lost. Part of its course would seem to be outward, into the life and expression that are national. At St. Louis immensely fertile suggestions as to living continuances must have occurred to anyone concerned with the arts. Contrasts of regional character appeared—physical, mental, emotional—which any American writer might well wish to absorb and understand. For the musician the implications were very wide. It was hardly possible to hear too much of this music in its differing modes, its variations of attack and approach and idiom. There were the extraordinary suggestions that came, for example, from the prevalence of the Southern nasal tone in singing—something which has been considered a general American curse, but which here, particularly in the singing of a trio from the Ozarks, opened possibilities of a new play of tone values.

No regional festival, no studious approach to folk materials through books or collections, even over a period of years, could open such wide and interesting channels. From the freely arranged sequences of the programs at least an approximation appeared of fundamental creative elements that belong to all of us. With the disparities there were identities, and the living evidence. It is not too much to say that the national arts appeared in elliptical outline with an effect of deeply set traditions.

It should be admitted that no group of folklorists, writers or musicians would ever have conceived or executed so daring a project. Fortunately, Miss Sarah Gertrude Knott of St. Louis, whose earlier work has been in the field of dramatic production, possessed the requisite genius and courage. She obtained the assistance of fellow townsmen, and rallied around her some of the more notable students of folklore and folk music in the country, but the underlying conception of human and artistic values was her own. A continuation of her large, productive plan is certainly to be desired; indeed the demand for another festival, to be held next year, was heard on all sides at St. Louis. Besides the sheer enjoyment to be had from them, such festivals can offer a wealth of suggestion to the student of American life.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Thoughts on Functionalism

THE EDITOR of this paper remarked to me the other day that functionalism in industrial art seemed to consist chiefly in putting the knobs on the inside. There is ample reason for this bitterness. Go to any exhibition of industrial art—even the inadequate one recently held at Rockefeller Center—and you will come away with the impression that at least half of the designers entertain a vague impression that "functional" has something to do with "odd," and that they are scrambling after oddity in a do-or-die spirit that leaves out of account such important consideration as comfort and fitness. One too often gets a sense of strain after an effect which is not valid when attained. Rarely does one encounter the sureness of the designer who is the conscious master of his craft and his materials and knows how to adapt them to the uses of modern life. The designers are groping—interestingly often, but still groping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

—and therefore what they produce is likely to turn out clumsy or illogical or extravagant.

Their uncertainty is not surprising when one remembers the recent history of the industrial arts. For a century now, applied art has suffered from a plethora, because of the new tools and materials supplied in bewildering profusion by applied science. It is struggling valiantly to master this condition; and on the whole it is doing very well. The idea of functionalism is helpful here, in spite of the absurdities committed in its name. Functionalism, defined in the words of Louis Sullivan, who fathered it, is the idea that the form of an object should be determined by its function. It would no doubt have been accepted by the craftsman of the eighteenth century or before with the same emotion as M. Jourdain's when informed that he was speaking prose. But in the nineteenth century, applied art succumbed to the hypnotic influence of applied science, and under its impulsion did strange things indeed. It was during that bemused century that people went about hacking up the furniture and the woodwork with the jigsaw because the jigsaw was such a fascinating tool. And there were all sorts of machines equally fascinating, for making all sorts of things that were formerly turned out by hand, laboriously, by people who knew their materials and what could be done with them. The nineteenth century forgot the function of the object in its preoccupation with that of the machine which produced it. And so it got so far away from functionalism that it was necessary for the idea to be consciously formulated in order to bring the world to its senses.

One wishes, sometimes, that its senses returned a little faster. It is not really more important, for example, that a house should look like a machine than that it should fulfill the function of a house. The reflection is inspired by a story I had not long ago from an architect. A builder who had been engaged to erect a building in the International style—a rather pretentious design, and much talked about—came to him in perplexity. "What am I to do?" he said. "If I build this thing as it's designed, it won't stand up." This sort of thing, of course, isn't functionalism at all. It would be sheer ignorance if it were not irresponsibility—the irresponsibility of men as machine-mad as their nineteenth-century predecessors, only in a different way.

Fortunately the fixation is becoming rarer. Industrial art really is tending toward a fitting adaptation of material to uses—to illustrate, there is the steel-frame and composition fireproof house at Rockefeller Center, which is quite severe enough in design to suit the most exacting modernist, and is still completely functional. And the new materials are fascinating: chromium and glass, exotic woods, compositions that may be had in many colors and adapted to many uses. Of course many a modern stack of shelves will seem as funny one day as Grandmother's whatnot does now. And the modern chair, which doubles you up like a jackknife, is equally prejudicial to dignity with Grandmother's horsehair off which you bounced or slid. But our designers are learning; and they are not afraid to learn by the adventurous method of trial and error. They are entitled to their mistakes.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Argument About Profits

SIR: The somewhat labored defense in your issue of May 9 of the proposition that profits cause depression would have been much less strained and more convincing if you had turned to the government's statistics and merely reinforced from theory the conclusion that they plainly indicate.

The government's figures collected by the Census of Manufactures show that we produced in manufacturing in 1929, 38 percent more actual physical goods than we had turned out in 1919. This 38-percent increase was accomplished by three percent fewer workers. Of course speed-ups and the use of new labor-displacing machinery explains this situation. Individual wage rates had been rising slightly, however, for the total pay rolls were 9 percent bigger in the latter year than ten years before.

Obviously you can't sell 38 percent more goods to people who have 9 percent more pay on any price basis that will be satisfactory to the owners of industry. For a time the owners of industry made valiant though ludicrous efforts to do it by selling a larger percentage of goods on instalment than ever before, but there is an obvious limit to that. When that limit was reached we inevitably had overproduction—as the owners of industry call it—and the consequent depression.

The part played by profits in all this is that the desire for profits is what prevented the owners of industry from raising wages or reducing the hours of labor equally with increased productivity. Labor is an item of expense in production. Other things being equal, the owners of industry make more profits in proportion as they keep down labor as an item of expense. Wage cuts are the direct way to do this. But speed-ups and the increased use of labor-displacing machinery are equally effective, and were the methods chiefly used during the period from 1919 to 1929, when wage cuts were the exception rather than the rule. Just in proportion as they succeed in cutting down their labor costs for the purpose of increasing their profits, the owners of industry likewise succeed in killing the purchasing power of the vast mass of people who are employees. That is the way the search for profits brought about the depression.

Cambridge, Mass. ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

[We disagree with Mr. Lewis that his argument is more convincing than ours. Exponents of orthodox Socialist theory nearly always overlook the ready answers that academic economists have for a simple contention like his. One is that he overlooks the growth of employment in occupations other than manufacturing. Another is that profits as well as wage earnings are used for buying goods. His argument proves too much: how did it happen that the excess of goods actually was sold during prosperity? The answer is that the added output consisted largely of capital and other durable goods bought by receivers of profits. Our argument takes this fact into account.—THE EDITORS.]

Savings Bank Insurance

SIR: During the past session of the New York Legislature, Senator O'Brien and Assemblyman Livingston introduced a bill providing for savings-bank insurance. The bill provided that the savings banks of New York State should be permitted to issue all kinds of life insurance up to $1,000 death benefit and $200 annuity.

This bill was copied from the Massachusetts law in effect since 1907 and originated by my father, Justice Louis D. Brandeis. Twenty-one savings banks now issue these policies at a rate from 25 to 50 percent lower in premium than that of the regular life-insurance companies. The main reason for low premiums is the elimination of the agent soliciting the insurance. They are paid over the counter monthly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the public hearing held on the New York bill in Albany on April 3, 1934, six vice-presidents from six New York life-insurance companies protested against the bill on the ground that it was "unfair competition." This argument happens to be entirely invalid because the so-called state subsidy no longer exists in Massachusetts. At the time the law was passed there was provided a deputy commissioner with a state actuary and a state medical director under him. The salaries for these officers and the necessary office force were to be paid out of the state funds. Under the present law the amount is refunded each year by the savings banks issuing the insurance. In order to start business, each savings bank must set up an expense and an insurance-guarantee fund. These moneys are held by the trustees serving without pay and appointed by the Governor, and the chairman is the Commissioner of Savings Bank Insurance, also serving without pay. The deputy-commissioner is the administrative officer.

In New York in order to avoid expenses to the state, the bill provides that the inspection and control shall be under the Department of Banks and Insurance.

There are at the present time in force in Massachusetts about 102,000 policies and nearly $100,000,000 worth of insurance. Although these figures are not enormous, we who are interested in the passage of the New York bill do not feel that they are too small to show the way in which the people who are anxious to buy life insurance can do so at a much lower rate than they can get from any life-insurance company. We are now starting an educational campaign before the introduction of the bill again next year, and we would like anybody interested to get in touch with our secretary, William L. Grossman, 123 West Seventy-fourth Street, New York City.

New York City. SUSAN BRANDEIS.

Still More About Neglected Books

SIR: Referring to your list of "Good Books That Almost Nobody Has Read," in the issue of April 18, I should like to give a list of my own. I should like to mention "Weeds," by Edith S. Kelley, a masterpiece. Upton Sinclair acclaims it and, even though so many of his swans are geese, it's a real swan this time. Then there are Theodor Plivier's two volumes, "The Kaiser's Coolies" and "The Kaiser Goes: The Generals Remain." There is "Sawdust and Solitude," by Lucia Zora, and there are Thyra Winslow's four books, "People Round the Corner," "Picture Frames," "Show Business" and "Blueberry Pie." All of these books are very good, and almost all of them have appeared on the 17-cent counters in the corner drug stores. That means that even though people have read them, their authors haven't received much in royalties.

New York City. O. OLSEN.

SIR: The forgotten-books idea was good. How about Grace Stone Coates' "Black Cherries." Finest prose you ever saw. Good wishes.

San Francisco, Calif. WILLIAM SAROYAN.

SIR: As I was looking over the lists of worthy books neglected by the public [The New Republic, April 18] I saw two titles that have been in such demand at my branch of the public library that they are still in the non-renewable class, although both are more than a year old. I refer to "Nobody Starves" and "The Wife of Rossetti." It might be interesting to get the opinion of a librarian on the lack of demand for some worth-while books.

New York City. NOYES H. REYNOLDS.

SIR: Every year certain books, not necessarily very bad but at least mediocre enough to warrant their getting lost in the shuffle, win popular success. A majority of them owe their success in part to the baptism of superlatives that they have received from recognized critics. Yet how many of the best-sellers during the past decade stand up today as even mediumly good books?

My own nomination for first place in a list of books that critics neglected to pan would be "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe. A kindly judgment on it would be: out of Gene Stratton Porter by Frank Harris. Although it is difficult to believe that any [illegible] a bounder as Mr Munthe unconsciously makes himself out to be, I do believe that, if the critics who once gushed so swooningly over it were to reread it today, most of them would agree that the only outstanding quality of the book is its incredible fatuousness.

Another example is Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," a book whose success can be explained only by its appeal to snobbery. Its drear verbosity and comfortless languor gave a false impression of austerity. Because it bored them, readers thought it must be profound. To admit being bored with it was to admit being a low-brow; while to wade through it without skipping more than a few hundred of the most stagnant pages was to feel, against all probability, that one must have been edified.

Norwich, Vt. RAMON GUTHRIE.

"Realtor" Is a Trade Right

SIR: I am calling your attention to the use of the term "realtors" [in "Warmth for Sale," The New Republic, March 17]. This is not a word, but a trade right, coined and protected by law by the National Association of Real Estate Boards and the term is a part of the trade mark, as registered in some forty-four states and in Canada. Something over $200,000 has been spent in its protection by the National Association of Real Estate Boards in attempting to confine its use to those real-estate men who are members of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, subject to its code for ethics and to its discipline for violation. It has been a factor in making the standards of the business generally during the last twenty years, and the exclusive right of the National Association of Real Estate Boards has been sustained in a series of court decisions, a large number of injunctions having been issued, restraining its improper use. . . .

Feeling sure that The New Republic will be in sympathy with the purposes of the designation, I think you would like to know of the legal situation regarding it and coöperate with the National Association of Real Estate Boards in seeing that it is not used in a way that will confuse it with men in the real-estate business not subject to the standards set.

NATHAN WILLIAM MACCHESNEY, General Counsel,
National Association of Real Estate Boards.

Chicago, Ill.

Extracts from Letters

THE best prescription yet sent us—since time is the essence of the difficulty—comes from Hamilton Stark of Los Angeles. "The Douglas Social Credit proposals," he writes, "would, if intelligently applied, actually change our condition to one of permanent general prosperity and would accomplish that within a month."—But after all, a month is a long time. Has anybody a twenty-four-hour panacea to offer?

The second Annual Dance Festival of the Workers' Dance League is scheduled at Town Hall, New York City, for Saturday evening, June 2. "This event," Mr. Joseph Rubens writes us, "will mark the first appearance here of dance groups representing cities scattered throughout the greater portion of the Eastern United States."

Mr. R. M. Costigan, of Seattle, thinks that Samuel Insull ought to be staked to a new pile of chips. "We'll not have any business," he says, "until folks go goofy again. It's the nuts that make the machinery go."—And the cranks, too, he might have added.

Dean W. H. Spencer of the School of Business, University of Chicago, writes us: "One of the neglected fields of education has been the adequate training of the consumer. Because this specific problem is of vital interest to business educators, it was decided to make this the central theme of the Second Conference on Business Education to be held at the School of Business of the University of Chicago on June 27 and 28." The Conference will be concerned with two major aspects of the problem: the contributions of those who have made important studies concerning the position of the consumer, and the type of education that the consumer is now receiving.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pulitzer Prize Emotions

SOME YEARS the award of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play passes as quietly as a professor's summer. Some years it arouses vivid emotions in sections of the public, especially critics around whom the theatrical season has died off, with little left to get articles out of. Our American natural lack of abstraction, generalization and conversation soon pacifies the discussion, however, and little more is heard of it except for a little jacking up of trade and except among the disappointed playwrights' families and friends. This year the contention has been sharper. "Men in White" by Sidney Kingsley, produced by the Group Theatre, got the prize, over the heads of the drama jury, three gentlemen whose function is to recommend to the advisory board what play shall be judged most worthy of the honor. These three gentlemen are Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton, Mr. Austin Strong and Mr. Clayton Hamilton. Some will admire, some gape and some condemn when we say of two of them that Mr. Hamilton lectures on drama at Columbia University and is said to think Mr. Walter Hampden a good actor; Mr. Austin Strong wrote the HIT, "Seventh Heaven," with the good curé, the wicked sister and the virtuous suffering heroine. This jury of three recommended, as everybody by now has heard vindicatorially, Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland," produced, with engaging banality, by the Theatre Guild.

There are many questions involved, the first of which is the Pulitzer Prize itself. There are those who think the prize should be completely disregarded. I think not. In a democracy like ours any eminence is to be valued. The prize is a good thing. A long-run success is one way to award the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year —what a halcyon, innocent world that implies! Too often, it has seemed to me, I have wished that the Pulitzer Prize board could award the honor to some work of art that not everybody had heard of. Which is to say that one of the functions of such an institution might be to single out some play and bestow its gesture on a play less widely sold. I should have said, for example, that Mr. Frank McGrath's "Carry Nation," though it suffered by the operatic confusion in production at times, and though it was mistaken for non-alcoholic propaganda by some, was excellent Pulitzer Prize material. The prize in this instance might have brought to a wider public attention a remarkable piece of Americana, brusque, varied and native.

Nevertheless, it is a good thing to give the prize, and to give it every season. If the season is bad and there is no play worth much, there will always be, by default if necessary, long runs—something has to run; and for this there is the Spanish proverb that says *siempre es simpatico,* etc.—always is likable that which conquers, and the Irish proverb that says "the least ugly daughter is the family beauty." For the verve and gusto of popular life there must always be, among a people where all are born equal, a prize for those who, out of respect for the Constitution, if nothing else, were born equal but who overcame it. The average citizen among us likes to think, "I was born as good as he was, but he beat me to it." Beat me to what remains unanswered; and this is where the little, timorous human soul comes in. For, listening to the work of art, this average citizen knows his surrenders, his tediums and his natural stupidities and remembers abandoned dreams. He too would like to have been something, but there are so many things a man has to do, you see. To be something and also make it pay, this is where these prize fellows are lucky!

One suggestion I would make for the Pulitzer Prize: change the drama jury every two years. This would, or might, evade the perils and temptations of prestige; I mean a man might not have to think of what the public thinks of his decisions and choices; it might, with such an arrangement, be no disgrace to admire things the public has not patronized or to endorse what it has yawned over. We might thus also hit years in which the jury would be afraid of seeming neither traditional and old-fashioned nor anxiously up-to-date.

There is also another point to be made: the decision of the jury plainly involves the problem of separating the theatre art in its completeness—drama, décor, acting, et cetera—from the play. It thus illustrates the true nature of the theatre itself, which is not merely drama. "Men in White" is a so-so play, certainly to be respected as a sort of melodrama of the medical science. A great deal of the credit for the event must go to the Group Theatre.

Since the argument has turned so hotly around "Men in White" as contrasted with "Mary of Scotland," I think myself compelled to mention the fact that for me, at least, the more I have thought of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's play the more it has seemed to me mostly a dying cadential blur. The thesis about historical truth with regard to celebrated human figures, escapes, perhaps, the audiences, and not unfortunately. So far as I can tell, it involves the difference between what history has handed on and what was the true case. This could be shown only by giving the audience the historical version of the personage alongside the true (according to the playwright) personage. How far some of Mr. Anderson's audience sidled up with the historical Mary Stuart to confront his Mary coming back to win the love, in the highest sense, of her countrymen (not at all because France under her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, had grown fairly annoying) may be judged from the fact that some of them I heard talking thought the play was about Mary Tudor, whom they had remotely learned of hitherto as bloody. So far as poetry goes, it is more than possible to say that these notes in "Mary of Scotland" have been played before.

Since I think of this praised event with a vagueness sadly increased rather than relieved by time's passage, I might do well to give my credentials—otherwise I might be dismissed as a mere lover of the American comic strip. Among my favorite dramas I may mention Euripides' "The Bacchæ," Strindberg's "The Father," Pirandello's "Henry IV," Benavente's "La Malquerida," and, shall we say, "The Cherry Orchard," "The Misanthrope" and "Hamlet." Proceeding *exactly* from the living basis of such plays, I say that, for the salty and basic English speech in some of the dialogue, I think "Tobacco Road" better than the whole of "Mary of Scotland," and that, jumping to the films, Mae West's scene with the four Negro maids in "I'm No Angel" is, by contrast with the scene of Mary and her ladies, not only Americana but imagined, rhythmic and living.

STARK YOUNG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Machine in Man

MR. MUMFORD'S new book[1] falls into four divisions. First, a survey of the elements in early European life that prepared the way for the growth of technics and the machine. Second, an analytic history of the machine's three evolutionary phases, which the author calls eotechnic, paleotechnic, neotechnic. Third, a running study of the machine's effects through the ages upon the nature of man and his arts. And fourth, an outline of the revolution that the new economy of the machine demands, if men are to survive and to thrive.

The chapters which describe the march of technics through nine centuries are a masterly performance. Mr. Mumford goes back to the mine, the monastery and the feudal army; he shows the science of the Renaissance arising integrally from the scholastics; and that already in the seventeenth century the conceptual and the ethical worlds, from which our technical world evolves, were in existence. I suspect that henceforth, at least among good writers, there will be less reference to the famous "industrial revolution" and to the magical rise of the machine in eighteenth-century England. Mr. Mumford reveals that the preceding centuries, and all the European countries, and all their arts, collaborated in the making of the modern scene; figures like Leonardo and Roger Bacon were normal symptoms of a mood which already in the twelfth century was priming and timing Europe; and it was the schoolmen and the monks, the Hanseatic and Venetian merchants, the mathematicians of Italy and France, the materialist cosmologists of Spain, who prepared the mind and the milieu in which the power-machine is rooted. Similarly, the present transformation from steam to electricity, from the 90-percent-inefficient paleotechnic mill to the 90-percent-efficient automatic factory of our dawning neotechnic age, are placed within a single evolutionary picture with the water-wheel, the introduction of gunpowder and of printing.

Equally effective is Mr. Mumford's study of man's assimilation and malassimilation of technics from age to age. As we pass from the primitive clock and foot-powered lathe to the compass, the canal lock, the window glass and mirror, the power loom, the steam pump and steam engine, the microscope and telescope, the mastery of the magnet and the final vast efflorescence of electric power with its transfiguration of our idea of matter, Mr. Mumford makes us experience the world of men on which these technics worked. The effect on us of radio, telephone, newsprint, of stream-line cars and factory-turned glass, like the technics themselves, is studied within the context of a state of mind which already eight centuries ago was ourselves; the Europe in which clocks were beginning to ring on belfries and compasses to point the prows of ships toward unknown shores, is revealed as our own youth.

Mr. Mumford's picture of the machine is organic, because technics are understood as a progressive organ of our life. And therefore, when the author comes to his final division, to the contemporary problem of men's survival in this new Nature which they have, through a thousand years, elaborated and established, his revolutionary conclusions are no less organic; they appear, indeed, as the inevitable evolution of a cultural process. The communism which Mr. Mumford posits as the sole economy of a world of Power, if that world is to prevail and to be lived in by healthy men, comes not as a hortatory and imaginative addition to the book, but quietly, irresistibly, like the *Q.E.D.* of a geometric proposition.

The reader will have seen by this swift summary that the four divisions of the book are really two. Mr. Mumford has written a humanistic pageant of the technics of our culture; and he has written a purposive, polemical essay on the social reconstruction which technics demand if, at their present climax, they are to become the means of a good life. In its historical aspect, the book is altogether admirable. Mr. Mumford has mastered the whole literature of his subject; he generously acknowledges his debts to such earlier men as Marx, Sombart, Geddes, Veblen, Hobson, Bücher, Branford, Dulac, Feldhaus; and he has made his own definitive contribution. The second critical aspect of the book leads us to a closer scrutiny of its first and fourth divisions: the study of the psycho-cultural genesis of the machine and of the revolution by which man may achieve a humane use of his inventions.

Mr. Mumford describes how the "medieval dream . . . dissolving . . . disclosed the world of nature." "In attempting to seize power, man tended to reduce himself to an abstraction, or, what comes to almost the same thing, to eliminate every part of himself except that which was bent on seizing power." He names the Christian disrespect for the human body, the regimentation of men in monastery and army, the regimentation of "time" by clocks, the impulse to seek power as compensation for "spiritual failure," the establishment by early philosophy and science of a mechanical universe from which man was abstracted, the influence of the mine on human values, the evolution of a "goods" world in place of a "good" world by the dominant classes with their war and luxury motives, the space-annihilating effect of cannon, etc., as causes of what has occurred. But at best these phenomena are contributive causes. Together or in part, they have appeared in other cultures without producing a machine-civilization, even when (as in China, North Africa or Peru) the intellectual premises and the primary mechanical instruments were present. Mr. Mumford fails to isolate the efficient causes for the machine. And the reason is, that despite his broad and deep erudition he is weak in the domains of religion, mysticism and metaphysics; the domains where the basic psychology of medieval Europe must be confronted. I cannot, of course, go into this problem of causes in a brief review (I have studied them elsewhere); I can only say that the genesis of the European machine must be sought in the displacement of man's teleological will from the cosmic to the sensory world, and that this arose from the *unique* conflict in European man between his Christian religion and his atomic sense of his own person. Roman Catholicism stratified this conflict by its synthesis of the Cross of personal immolation and the Crown of personal immortality. The synthesis lasted only long enough to energize the two forces of an irrepressible conflict between teleological man and a mechanical world. When the synthesis (being unnatural and illogical) broke, the escaping forces took such related forms as Lutheranism, Calvinism, Cartesianism, rationalized Capitalism, colonization, technology, nationalism and Romanticism.

[1] Technics and Civilization, by Lewis Mumford. New York:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Mumford has contributed some of the most effective ammunition in our common war against Pragmatism. But in his comparative neglect of those indispensable fields of human motive—mysticism and metaphysics—he is still an unconscious follower of Dewey. I will give one specific instance. He declares that the medieval personality was "more subjectively conditioned" than the modern, "who is more directly influenced by objective situations," and in this connection he refers to "the neutral world of fact as distinguished from the raw data of immediate experience whose creating was the great general contribution of analytic science." There is not the slightest evidence that men have become objective in a thousand years, or that our science gives a neutral world of fact, or that it is an absolute accession of reality as compared with the teleological world of medieval intuition. To assume this is blindly to react against the reactionaries who hold to the church and reject science. Indeed, it is the masters of our science who, in their study of the behavior of the electric charge, have been forced to readmit that possibility of teleology in the external world on which medieval life was founded. Its science had a different focus of action from ours, and therefore got results in different realms. But its allegorical abuses, which Mr. Mumford despises, are precisely analogous to the mechanical-volitional abuses of our world. The trouble is, that whereas Mr. Mumford recognizes the true and the good in modern science despite its abuses, he confounds the essence of the medieval mind with its imperfections and excesses. And since it is within the unique complex of the medieval mind of Europe that the machine and our machine culture arose, this parochialism of Lewis Mumford is a misfortune.

All this would be a gratuitous imposition of my differences upon Mr. Mumford's book, were it not for the book's critical-constructive aspect. Had the author confined himself to a history of technics and to an analysis of its empiric effects on society, he would be justified in not overloading his rich substance with an inquest on primary causes. But Mr. Mumford is a living, generous man; he is not abstracted from the hour of world crisis in which he wrote his book; therefore he is concerned throughout with the *ethic* of his subject. Eloquently, he details the disease and death that the machine has brought to the human spirit; eloquently, he describes the radical reorientation of the machine by which alone disaster can be averted. Yet if the machine comes from man and has brought man to the brink of abysmal human failure, the machine can be creatively redirected only by the rerouting of the human traits from which the machine arose and by whose fulfilments it has become a human danger. And clearly, this can be done only if first these traits are understood. Mr. Mumford's lack of focal understanding of the peculiar complex in Western man out of which the will and the technics of the machine arose, deprives him of the fulcrum for leverage in the socio-psychological revolution which he calls imperative if the machine—and man—is to be saved.

This lack brings the vagueness of wishful thinking to the book's final part. Mr. Mumford appears somewhat prone to assume that the horrors of paleotechnics (the slum-city, the machine-ridden worker, the reign of money) "will" automatically vanish in the smooth functionalism and abundance of neotechnics; that men "will" abolish all machines that are anti-social and "will" herd the good machines as neolithic man herded his sheep, the while they pipe new pæans and dance new measures to the gods of a free earth. He is prone to overestimate the esthetic values of the new machine whose functional precisions express the dangerous limitations of modern consciousness. And although Mr. Mumford modulates this "will" into a "must," his imperative remains disembodied of method, both psychological and political, because he has not made clear how the very "will" that has made the horrors he deplores is going to reverse itself into these future splendors. The menace of a neotechnic world becoming, despite garden cities and automatic factories, a fascist world of servile men dominated by a caste that is the symbol of their own unregenerate will *and of their machines,* is not adequately faced; because at the beginning of the book the specific human nature that started the whole process is not focally studied. This study will bring Mr. Mumford into the one field he has not mastered. For, as I said nine years ago in an essay on this subject in The New Republic, "The machine again makes metaphysics man's most practical engagement."

But let not this criticism divert me from giving due praise to a magnificent book. "Technics and Civilization" is a work of art; it will take high rank among those sound and profound ideological creations which have flourished in the past hundred years, and of which Volume I of "Das Kapital" is a great example. With the machine for its subject, and for its plot the machine's high promise as an esthetic agent in a humane society, Mr. Mumford's book is itself an art work evolved from the experience of the machine. It is a fulfilment of its own thesis; for it employs the mastery of the machine to ends of the creative life possible only when the machine is naturalized by man as one dimension of his will. I believe that this is a book which may enter richly into the experience of our time, in order to make more possible a future livable by human beings. And if I had my way, I would make it required

LOUIS FISCHER

Will accompany a group of ten Americans for 41 days in the Soviet Union. Traveling without haste the group will visit Leningrad, Moscow, the Ukraine, Dnieprostroi, Rostov and the great state farms, the Caucasus, Armenia, Black Sea and Crimean resorts, Kiev. Mr. Fischer will arrange meetings with Soviet authorities. Through him the group will contact all phases of Soviet life.

Membership limited to persons qualified to profit by the rare opportunities offered.

Sailing June 27. Returning August 31.

Round trip from New York with tourist SS passage $885; with third class SS passage $761

Members may join abroad. Deferred payments if desired.

The OPEN ROAD

56 West 45th Street, New York
(Department of Russian Travel)

Chicago Representative
S. JESMER — 203 South Dearborn Street

Cooperating with Intourist

LICENSED TO MZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stuart Chase

says:

"I have been stirred by this book . . . it is raw, living. Mr. Rorty knows the business and it is safe to say that advertising has never had such a raking before and may never again. I suspect he has written the definitive work on the subject. Twenty years of keen observation, twenty years of gathering social insight have gone into it. Everyone who retains some conception of human integrity will be stirred by how love, religion, science, psychology, beauty, art, hope are poured into the propaganda mill."

OUR MASTER'S VOICE:
ADVERTISING

By James Rorty

$3. JOHN DAY

A Challenging and Penetrating Analysis of World Unrest

By FRAZIER HUNT

Journalist, skilled observer and intimate of leading figures of all countries.

THIS BEWILDERED WORLD

. . . and its search for a new Rhythm

JOHN DEWEY

says: "I was fascinated by it. If I had my way, I would make "This Bewildered World" required reading for all Americans who are interested in our relations with the rest of the world. Those who are indifferent could be enlightened by a reading of this important work." *Photographs and Maps.* $2.75

FRED'K A. STOKES CO., 449 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

reading for every young revolutionist—which means, every generous-minded young man and young woman—in the country.

WALDO FRANK.

Man About Town

While Rome Burns, by Alexander Woollcott. New York: The Viking Press. 328 pages. $2.75.

"WHILE ROME BURNS" is hard to classify at once, being neither the fish of Criticism nor the flesh of Fiction, and something like Biography and Memoirs, though not very much like. But it will fit in after a bit. Its author stands forth mainly as an entertainer; he showers his sparks while the iron is hot. And now that he has got them all cooled off and collected, interest catches chiefly on the chance they offer to see what kind of figure this public figure may be, in the large.

Mr. Woollcott has a fairly warm heart, it is evident; and a ready though leanish wit. He is quite a little on the Ah-shall-we-ever-forget-the-glamor-of-those-days side, yet with a pressing curiosity about murder and bits of macabre gossip. He cannot abide the talkies, favors children, dogs, good food and his ease. He plumps quite weakly for novels, "seldom attempting more than one a year"; and will take his world events through the medium of the Walters Lippmann and Winchell—except in the case of hammer-killings and the latest wrinkles of the Crime Club, possibly. He likes fun and being pulled in rickshaws, and also the cause of the People, though to be sure his experiences with the regimentation of the Soviets have left him with a sharp thirst for freedom, even if one has to starve a little—which rigor he for one will undergo at the Algonquin, if it's all right with everybody. More especially, he likes well known names, to roll them on his tongue: the Minister of this, the Count of that, Dorothy Parker, Robeson, Joe Cook, Chaplin, those international Norrises, everybody. A champion of made causes and discoverer of the discovered, he may still be very much the friend of the boys in the back, of course, but his public manner has all the on-your-left-and-don't-fail-to-see-it attention to conspicuous fronts of the barker on a Chinatown bus.

Above all, of course, he likes to tell a story. On this score I have no doubt he is something to listen to over a table, but what he gets into print is never actually a story, for the reason that names are substituted for characters, news interest for feeling. As for the writing itself, it should very quickly be sent to a cleaner known as Fowler's "Modern English Usage" (*cf.* articles on Battered Ornaments, Polysyllabic Humor, Jocular Archaisms, Elegant Variation, etc.). A whole bookful of his particular style, indeed, gets him draped across the literary horizon like (as someone said of someone) an oversized pair of lady's drawers on a country-club lawn, billowing and buttonless, all seat and no point.

But it would be flip and unfair to say as much without bringing up that not only are some of the sketches satisfying as entities—"Entrance Fee," "By the Rude Bridge," and perhaps the notes on Chaplin, Robeson and Harris—but if dipped into sufficiently in haste and at random, the book does yield its patches of interest and mild mirth. The only thing is that almost every time the man is found amusing, it is also found that what is chiefly to be thanked is his discrimination in the matter of the quips and anecdotes of other people—to whom he stands in the relation of an urbane and genial and expansive midwife.

OTIS FERGUSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gods of Physics

The Architecture of the Universe, by W. F. G. Swann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 428 pages. $3.75.

DR. SWANN, director of the Bartol Research Laboratory of the Franklin Institute, is not only a trained physicist but a subtle and witty expositor of current scientific ideas. In his first chapter, cannily entitled "Dogmas in Natural Philosophy," he imagines the dilemma of a rationalist who attempts to visualize the law of gravitation as a special case of "elastic pull" between bodies. All goes well until the rationalist tries to explain "elasticity." We may let Dr. Swann point the moral of his little parable:

> We were happy about the elastic before we had grown to the age when we were compelled to think about it; and by the time we had become old enough to think about it, it had become so familiar to us that we felt no necessity to think about it any further. The elastic was a god—the origin of all things—who himself needs no certificate as to his own origin. And so physics, like everything else, has its starting points, its postulates. And the postulates of physics are its gods.

Let it be said at once that Dr. Swann is *not* attempting to prove that, if you scratch Science you will find—Religion. On the contrary, his book is one of the ablest and most lucid accounts known to this reviewer of the rigor and exactitude that lie at the base of the scientific spirit. In his discussion of matter and force, atomic theory, radioactivity, quantum and wave mechanics; thermodynamics and relativity; the theory of measurement and dimensions; space and time, Dr. Swann combines a high degree of technical knowledge with a gift for simple statement and vivid imagery. From an immense field of confused fact he has selected the most vital elements and woven them into a picture of the universe that justifies the title of his book. His conclusion, tucked away in a final chapter on "Science and Theology," is that "the physicist does not hanker after complexity. Simplicity is always his ideal, but simplicity unaccompanied by vagueness."

HAROLD WARD.

The Melody of Chaos

Among the Lost People, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

IN HIS fiction as in his poetry no one can doubt Conrad Aiken's originality. If in the present volume, as in its predecessors, he reminds one of James Joyce or Katherine Mansfield, of Sherwood Anderson or Ernest Hemingway, it is because of their participation in a common spirit of modernity, not because of any direct influence. That Mr. Aiken should suggest so many other writers is a mark of his virtuosity; that amid variety he is extremely like himself is a sign of his originality. As in his first volume of short stories, "Bring! Bring!" he writes sometimes in recollected narrative of low key and extreme simplicity; sometimes in the present stream of consciousness, gropingly gathering about matters of fact. He is disarmingly casual in his presentation of the external world of associations and contacts, but behind this affectation of indifference there is always matter of intense significance to the individual soul. Indeed Mr. Aiken's pervasive theme may be said to be this contact between the uncomprehending world and the mind intensely concerned with its own life, and tragically lonely

A Challenge to Every American!

● Today there can be an abundance of everything for every man, woman and child in the United States . . .

● No one need go hungry, need do without the comforts, or even the **luxuries** of life.

● All this can be brought about if YOU and enough other Americans really want it!

Read

The Economy of Abundance

by STUART CHASE
(author of "A New Deal" etc.) $2.50

The Problem of the Caribbean!

● Why is Cuba so continually the subject of concern to the American State Department?

● What factors keep the "Pearl of the Antilles" in constant turmoil?

● These and other pressing questions are answered with directness and in detail in

The United States and Cuba

by HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM
(former ambassador at Havana) $2.50

At all Bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its pursuit. Unquestionably this preoccupation reflects Mr. Aiken's own pessimism, his sense of a civilization past the age of belief or hope. The half-sane madness of his early poetry, and his recent "Preludes to Memnon" with their recurrent lament from "chaos to chaos," are the cry of a poet whose eyes are turned inward and who hears reflected in his own mind this noise of a world riding to ruin. The fantastic score of his novel "Blue Voyage" likewise reflects what Mr. Peterson calls, in his valuable interpretation of the book, "The Melody of Chaos."

The stories in the present volume as in the earlier have a psychological rather than a social focus; their psychology is of the type known in more innocent days as abnormal, and their characters tend to become studies in incongruity. "Oh How She Laughed" is the story of a woman who paints badly, who knows that she paints badly, but who shows the usual failure of the neurotic to face reality. "Impulse" is the experience of a man, a failure in life, who tries to rehabilitate himself in his own eyes by stealing a safety razor in a drug store. "The Bachelor's Supper" is that of a sentimental, sensitive bridegroom exposed to masculine prenuptial obscenities. "Pure as the Driven Snow" is that of a sensual Puritan using his scruples to evade the obvious requirements of a night with a chorus girl. "No, No, Go Not to Lethe" is the downfall of an egoist who aspired to personal imperialism by penetrating and controlling the little lives about him without giving anything of himself. The most touching and beautifully written story in the collection is "Silent Snow; Secret Snow," in which a young boy uses a casual hallucination as a defense mechanism against an encroaching world.

A neurologist tells us that, given the present rate of increase in nervous diseases, the civilized world will be insane in a couple of centuries. Mr. Aiken's work is a prophecy of that grim future. His detachment, his underemphasis, his humor, are in a way deceptive, and conceal from us the fact that many of his characters, even those who are so like ourselves that we exclaim, "There but for the grace of God go I," are on, or beyond, the verge. There is no heaviness or melodrama in their tragedy; they may even amuse us. But they are lost people in a sense more real than figurative, lost to the world, sometimes even lost to themselves.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Suffer Little Children

The Life of Our Lord, by Charles Dickens. New York: Simon and Schuster. 128 pages. $1.75.

UPON a somewhat similar work of Dickens' Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once in a lucid interval pronounced the last word: "It is indeed a 'Child's History of England'; but the child is the writer. . . ." Dickens' conception of Christ was of the simplest: an extraordinarily good man moving among the extraordinarily wicked. For some of the facts of "The Life of Our Lord" he drew upon his imagination; for the rest, he chose those which would best illustrate his point, bungling some of the parables and ignoring many of the human touches to be found in the synoptic gospels. He never had more than two types of people to deal with in his books anyway: those who were pure and innocent, and those who were not innocent, but human, and therefore engaging. Our Lord, as Dickens interpreted him to his children, is consequently bound to be as dull and impossible as our Little Nell. Apart from its smugness, its little-nellyism and the light it throws on Victorian Christianity, "The Life of Our Lord" is a pleasant, fairy-tale sort of thing, with more of the

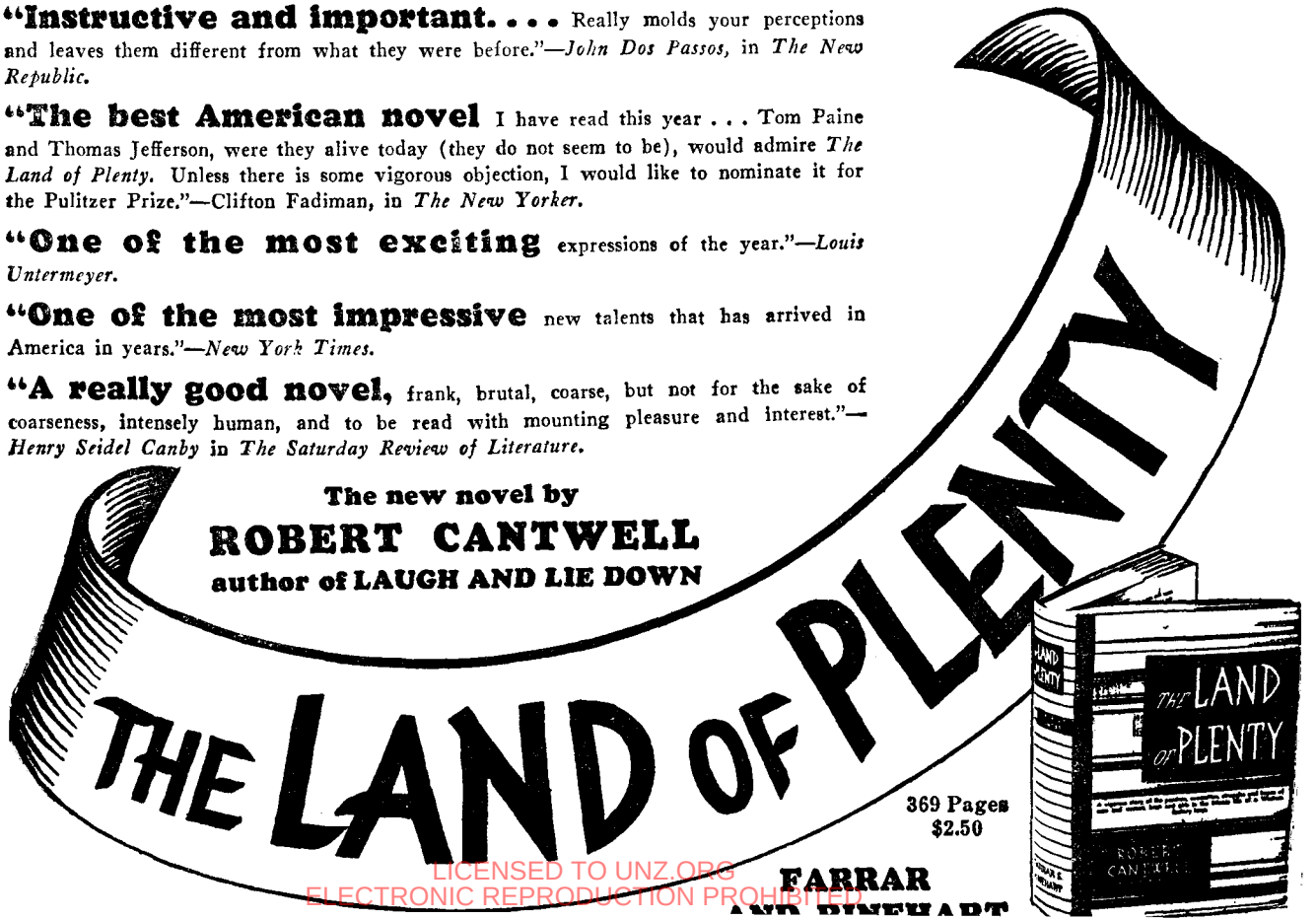
"Instructive and important. . . . Really molds your perceptions and leaves them different from what they were before."—*John Dos Passos,* in *The New Republic.*

"The best American novel I have read this year . . . Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson, were they alive today (they do not seem to be), would admire *The Land of Plenty.* Unless there is some vigorous objection, I would like to nominate it for the Pulitzer Prize."—Clifton Fadiman, in *The New Yorker.*

"One of the most exciting expressions of the year."—*Louis Untermeyer.*

"One of the most impressive new talents that has arrived in America in years."—*New York Times.*

"A really good novel, frank, brutal, coarse, but not for the sake of coarseness, intensely human, and to be read with mounting pleasure and interest."—*Henry Seidel Canby* in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smell of good prose upon it than is the case with the usual paraphrase of biblical literature. The format of the book is appropriate and pleasing. O. C. F.

Books in Brief

Americana

WARPATH, by Stanley Vestal. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 316 pages. $3.

Although himself an authority on Indian warfare, Stanley Vestal has allowed the subject of this biography, Chief White Bull, to give his personal account of the Indian wars he remembers. White Bull, a nephew of the famous Sitting Bull, is a survivor of the Fetterman and Custer fights—those bloody battles in which their white antagonists were practically annihilated—and of other engagements; but since the combats of his tribe with their traditional Indian enemies, the Blackfeet and the Crows, exemplified to him the Indian ideals of courage and dignity in war, he prefers to give an account of those. The biography gives a comprehensive idea of the red man's attitude toward war, colored by descriptions of their religious ceremonies and the use of war charms. An appendix, containing a painted Indian calendar with the years illustrated according to their distinctive names and important events recorded on it, is explained by White Bull. J. G.

Biography

HOLY MURDER: The Story of Porter Rockwell, by Charles Kelly and Hoffman Birney. *New York: Minton, Balch and Company.* 325 *pages.* $3.

This is the kind of book that has been written about the Mormons almost since their organization. The authors are inspired by unintelligent hatred of everything Mormon except, strangely enough, their arch-villain, Orrin Porter Rockwell, one of the Mormon gangsters of early days, whom they find great difficulty elevating into an interesting hero for their work. Except for a few pages of quotations from hitherto unpublished manuscripts, the book is worthless as historical material, the authors being content to quote with authoritative assurance the unsubstantiated rumors of the huge body of anti-Mormon literature. Many of their disconnected anecdotes, which make such dull reading now, may have been true, but many of them are just as likely to be falsehoods perpetrated for political and economic purposes. Both the Mormons and the anti-Mormons have lied historically, and it takes a deft skepticism, of which these authors seem incapable, to ride between fact and fancy in Mormon history. M. R. W.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS, by A. G. Macdonell. *New York: The Macmillan Company.* 380 *pages.* $2.50.

In this very entertaining volume, Mr. Macdonell gives us a series of vivid and dramatic sketches drawn from the epic of Napoleon, with the Emperor himself pushed backstage and his motley crowd of tough warriors, young and old, crowding the footlights. And what a galaxy of performers the Little Corporal assembled to hack and storm his way to the promised land of the United States of Europe (*vide* Emil Ludwig). To them and to their titanic rages, their petty jealousies and their wild ambitions, their heroism and their bungling, their sloth and their greed, Mr. Macdonell pays his due and pays it with much sly humor and many crackles of mordant wit and always with high gusto. A readable book for all and prescribed reading for worshipers at the shrine of Napoleon—the *gesta Napoleoni* shrunk to human proportions and become not the work of destiny, fated and ineluctable, but the deeds of mortals sometimes superbly capable and ofttimes dull, slow and treacherous. L. G.

History

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY: 1832-1932, edited by Theodore Franci Jones. *The New York University Press. 474 pages. $3.*

Few great institutions of learning have had a more checkered, a more uncertain, history than New York University. Established for the purpose of providing a more democratic and utilitarian education particularly f[illegible]

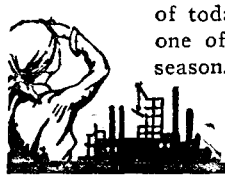
Watch the New Russia being forged Before Your Eyes in this Great Novel

A NOVEL OF SOVIET RUSSIA

OUT of CHAOS

By ILYA EHRENBOURG

Here is a human drama of Russia at work that transcends in reality all the books by travellers and reporters. As *Out of Chaos* unrolls before the reader its tremendous story of the building of a steel plant in Siberia, it also reveals what is going on in the lives and in the minds of the workers—particularly the son of a doctor, the son of a factory worker, and a girl university student. She finds herself torn in her love for the two men—one of them embittered by the new regime, cynically struggling against it; the other, as he throws himself into the work, finding a new excitement and a new meaning in life. In *Out of Chaos* the greatest social drama of today becomes the basis for one of the vital novels of the season. $2.50



HENRY HOLT & CO.
One Park Avenue New York

DANCE RECITAL

DANCE RECITAL

TAMIRIS
and HER GROUP

Genevieve Pitot
at the Piano

Tickets:
35c 55c 75c 95c
reserved seats
NEW MASSES
31 East 27th Street
Tel.: CAledonia 5-3076

Benefit of
NEW MASSES
Program includes several of TAMIRIS' most popular numbers and a new Group Dance
Sunday Evening
May 27, 8:30 P. M.
CITY COLLEGE AUDITORIUM
Lexington Ave. & 23rd St.
New York City

THEATRE

THE THEATRE UNION *Presents*
THE SEASON'S OUTSTANDING DRAMATIC HIT!

STEVEDORE

By PAUL PETERS and GEORGE SKLAR
Thrilling drama of Negro and white workers on the docks of New Orleans
"An evening of unquenchable excitement."—*Garland, World-Telegram*
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE —Evenings, 8:45— Mats. Tues. & Sat. 2:45
14th Street and Sixth Avenue Prices 30c to $1 50 No Tax

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it proved, for the first half-century of its existence, peculiarly unable to justify the high hopes of its founders. Only, indeed, in the last quarter-century and under the leadership of Chancellor Brown, has it returned in part to the aims advanced by the distinguished first president of its council, Albert Gallatin. Professor Jones's history is singularly free from the cant, evasiveness, immaturity and pompousness that make most of our college histories worthless. To the merit of honesty is added a nice discrimination in the choice of material and of emphasis, an appreciation of the dramatic, a sympathetic understanding of personalities and a sprightly style. Added chapters, from different pens, on the college and the professional schools provide a somewhat uncritical summary of more recent developments.

H. S. C.

Fiction

MIRACLE ON SINAI, by Osbert Sitwell. *New York: Henry Holt and Company.* $2.

This is the story of how God's ten commandments are revealed again to the guests in a modern hotel on Mt. Sinai. But Mr. Sitwell would rather talk amusingly about people's foibles and mannerisms than develop a plot. The first two hundred pages of his novel are devoted to a cast of characters that includes an anemic poet who preaches the Dominance of the Male; an English financier who punctuates his sentences with the word "empire"; a good-looking divorcée who is afraid of marriage because it tends to make her unfaithful; a servant girl who won't let her lover convert her to Marxism: "Beds is beds, Gerald, and no place for Marx's 'Capital!'" They all make excellent targets for Mr. Sitwell's dinner-table satire, but it is not until Book III that the miracle is introduced and the book comes to life.

J. M.

Contributors

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and, more recently, of "The Robber Barons," a panorama of American capitalism in its great days after the Civil War, has just returned from a tour of Russia, France and Spain.

C. E. M. JOAD is tutor at the University of London and writes widely upon philosophic and sociological matters in British periodicals. He is the author, among other books, of "The Mind and Its Workings," "The Bookmark," "Samuel Butler" and "A Guide to Modern Thought."

ROSE LEE is a journalist and contributes articles and reviews to various magazines. She is at present living in New Orleans.

E. M. HUGH-JONES of Oxford University has been studying political and labor movements in the United States.

CONSTANCE ROURKE, author of "Trumpets of Jubilee," "Troupers of the Gold Coast," "American Humor" and "Davy Crocket," directed the Michigan lumberjacks at the National Folk Festival and was a member of the committee in charge.

WALDO FRANK has returned to the United States after a long visit to the Argentine, during which he completed a new novel, "The Death and Birth of David Markand," which Scribners will publish in the fall.

HAROLD WARD writes chiefly on the social implications of science and technology. He contributes regularly to The Living Age and The New Masses.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Joe Gould, M. R. Werner, Leo Gershoy, Henry Steele Commager and Jerre Mangione.

SUMMER PLACES

In the Adirondack Woods

Fifteen furnished cottages scattered over extensive private estate adjoining two mile lake and surrounded by State forests offer a vacation where nature's beauties remain unspoiled. Cooking facilities at all cottages, also meals or rooms at Big Shanty. Lake activities, trails to near-by peaks and tennis. Illustrated booklet.

FRANK C. HOOPER
Big Shanty North River, N. Y.

BREEZEMONT

A Guest House of unusual charm set on a huge estate in the Westchester Hills. Splendid indoor and outdoor sports.
Excellent Private Swimming Lake.

ATTRACTIVE SPRING RATES

Less than one hour from our door to your office. An ideal place for the commuter's summer residence.

SUMMER PLACES

Western View Farm

An Inn unique in its hospitality
Fifteenth Season
Rates: $8.00 a day, $49.00 a week
Monthly and Seasonal Rates on Request
Address
EDWARD G. OHMER, NEW MILFORD, CONN.
Telephone: New Milford 440

SPEND DELIGHTFUL VACATION on large colonial estate

Modern conveniences. Tennis, private golf course, no fees. Swimming. Near new race track. Best Southern cooking. Rates $12 to $16 weekly. Seven hours from New York.
MAJOR MARSHALL MacDONALD
Media Farm
Charles Town West Virginia

SUMMER RENTALS

PRINCETON, N. J.—Rent furnished for summer or year new house: 4 master bedrooms, 4 baths, 2 servant rooms, bath; large living room, open fireplace, library, dining room, oil burner, laundry, secluded shady garden, 1-car garage, 7 minutes from station, moderate rental. Tel: Plaza 3-9481.

SUMMER SEASON, house overlooking Hudson. Tennis court, garage, five rooms and bath, hot water, electricity, gas, frigidaire, telephone, fireplace; fifty minutes from New York. Reduced rent. Address Max Eastman, Mount Airy, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

2 OR 3 ROOM APARTMENT AND BATH, with board, will be available soon to mother and child as paying guests in small Bronxville family in high, cool section; substantially reduced charge possible if mother would be interested to give limited care to landlord's well-behaved boy. Address letter, **Dr. M., 48 Prescott Ave., Bronxville, New York.**

NEW ROCHELLE. Very charmingly furnished home, Colonial Farmhouse type, seven rooms, three baths, 2-car garage. $125 monthly. **Box 833, The New Republic.**

POSITION WANTED

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER, tall, attractive, Jewish, desires position in summer hotel office for July and August, with or without compensation, with some guest privileges. Address **Box 834, The New Republic.**

LANGUAGE STUDENT

TAKING UP RUSSIAN — WANT SOMEONE TO STUDY WITH. I LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY. Address: **Box 832, The New Republic.**

SUMMER THEATRE

Limited number of pupils accepted for
SUMMER THEATRE SCHOOL
Croton-on-Hudson
Under the direction of

BOOKS

VARIED BOOKS

BOOKS, OUT-OF-PRINT, special subjects. Any of following lists available: Economics; Americana; Nautica; Liquors; Precious Stones; Clockmaking; First Editions, Narcotics; Medicine; or your subject if not listed. **Richard S. Wormser, 22 W. 48th St., New York.**

RUSSIAN BOOKS

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIAN HISTORY and economics, pre-war and Soviet publications in English and Russian. **Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.**

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogue 70 now ready. **Alfred G. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.**

HOUSE OF BOOKS, LTD., 555 Madison Avenue, New York. Modern first editions and current books.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books; reasonable. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, City.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

AUTOGRAPHS, EARLY AND RARE BOOKS. New catalogue mailed free. **SHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.**

LITERARY BUREAU

NEW YORK MANUSCRIPT BUREAU
64 Horatio Street, New York City
No reading fee.

PAMPHLETS

10c BOOKLETS ON ART (The "Enjoy Your Museum" Series): PAINTING, Carl Thurston; PAINTINGS SINCE CEZANNE, Ralph M. Pearson; NAVAJO RUGS, Dane Coolidge; MODERN MURAL SCULPTURE, Lee Lawrie. Add 2c postage for four booklets. Esto Publishing Co., P. O. Box 46, Pasadena, California.

CARE FOR CHILDREN

SOUTHERNER OF GOOD FAMILY, aged 21, graduate of Science Hill, Shelbyville, Kentucky, and of the Louisville Normal School, would tutor children (through eighth grade work), look after them generally and thoroughly enjoy the job. Address **Miss Mary Alice Pickett, 2573 Bansdell Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.**

WELLESLEY GRADUATE, experienced teacher, wishes several children to share country home at Fishkill, with her two children. **Box 831, The New Republic.**

ORANGES FOR SALE

ORANGES, sweet juicy, sun ripened on trees; picked, shipped same day. Delivered express prepaid, $2.75 [illegible] basket. Satisfaction guaranteed. **A. H. Burket,**

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED